Lost Dutchman Mystery: Tread a Dead Man's Trail

Arizona Highways

APRIL 2007

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12 Outdoor Adventures

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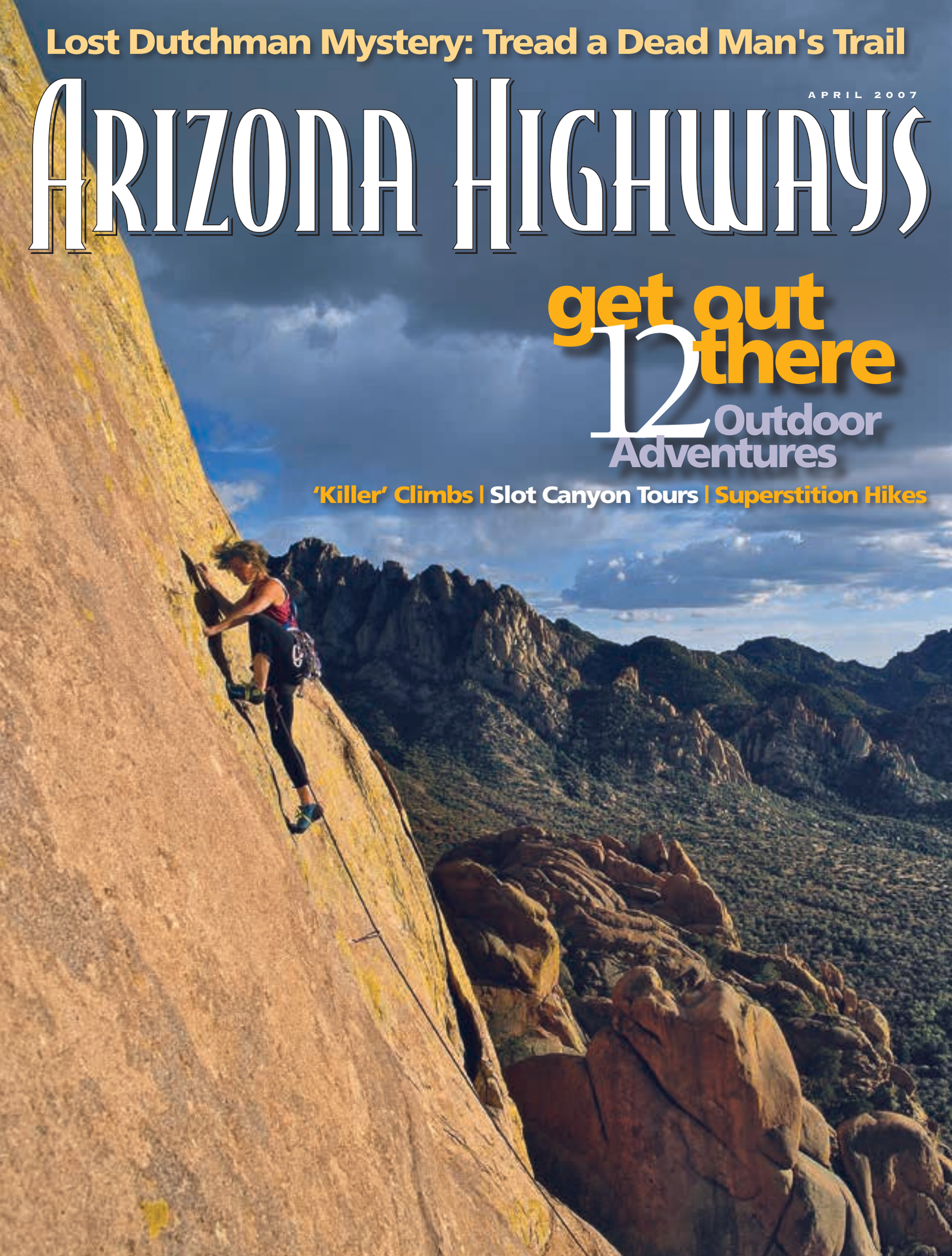

ADVENTURE GUIDE

get out there

12 Thrill Trips

Departments

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Arizona is a land of excellent adventures. Whether you're a desert dweller, a river rat or a mountain goat, there's a holy host of activities to appease daredevils. This month, unleash your adrenaline with our Great Adventures Guide. Visit arizonahighways.com and click on our April "Trip Planner."

HUMOR The sound of Sunset Crater gives our writer cause for fury.

WEEKEND GETAWAY There may not be gold in them thar hills, but the Superstition Mountains make for a mother lode of fun.

EXPERIENCE ARIZONA Plan a trip with our calendar of events.

A-MACE-ING GRACE
A climber rappels down the subsidiary tower of The Mace, one of Sedona's most popular climbs, ranked a difficult-but-doable 5.9 on the Yosemite Decimal System. MARC MUENCH

FRONT COVER The Dragoon Mountains' 5.10-rated Warpaint climb offers next to nothing by way of hand- or footholds, requiring even experienced climbers, such as Lara Wilkinson (pictured), to use ropes and be on belay. MARC MUENCH

BACK COVER Receding water and clay deposits along the Paria River, a Colorado River tributary, reflect the colors of the sky and Paria Canyon's sandstone walls. See story, page 8. JACK DYKINGA

■ To order a print of this photograph, see information on opposite page.

dear editor

editor@arizonahighways.com

Flipped Out by Image

I have been reading your magazine for a good number of years now, and although I have thought about dropping a note over the years, I have never taken the time. Recently, I saw something that was so obvious I figured no one would pick up on it. On pages 36 and 37 of your January 2007 issue, you have printed the picture backward. All of the writing on the walls is mirrored. So either the negative was reversed or the photo was taken in a mirror. Which is it?

—Jeri Sullivan, Hull, MA

Good catch. We flopped the image and somehow didn't notice, despite all the magnifying glasses here. We definitely have the sharpest-eyed readers in the world. Kind of intimidating.

Loved Lindy

I loved the Charles Lindbergh story ("Lindy's Luck," January '07), seeing his perspective of things from the air. I have a hand-written letter dated 1927 from him to my great-grandfather, Samuel C. Lancaster, chief engineer of the Historic Columbia River Highway in Oregon, after Lindbergh observed the beauty of that area from the air. What a thrill it must have been for him to see all of the scenic treasures in Arizona.

—Ellnora Young, Roseburg, OR

Thank Goodness for Uncle Bill

A few years ago, our uncle, Bill Rankhorn, who lives in Tucson, arranged for *Arizona Highways* to be sent to my sister Margaret and me, here in England. What an eye-opener to such a fantastic state. The photography is just amazing and the articles are all interesting, showing a quite different way of life to us living in a flat rural county just north of London. It is difficult to pick out any particular area in Arizona as it is all so stunning. Our thanks to you and our Uncle Bill for giving us a glimpse of such beauty.

—Mrs. Pauline Lewins, Hatfield Peverel, UK

What's in a Name?

Just a quick thanks for publishing the fine piece about Canyon de Chelly in December 2006. I have learned to live with the "misspelling" (Chelly) of my name.

—Chilly Childress, Folsom, CA

Fell in Landscape Love

I just wanted to thank you for such a great magazine. My grandparents had a room in their summer place in the Adirondack Mountains that had a wall papered with photographs from your magazine. As a child, I would sit in that room not understanding the true magic of Arizona. It wasn't until 35 years later that I got to experience it firsthand. With my first steps off the plane, I fell in love with your state. My subscription keeps the wonder of Arizona in my heart and soul till the next time I can visit. Keep up the great work.

—Bonnie Sturm, Cobleskill, NY

Didn't Care for January Cover

I just received the January 2007 issue of *Arizona Highways*. The cover stopped me in my tracks—in a negative way. Over the past couple of issues, I have noted a few photographs that were not up to the standards I am used to seeing in the magazine. Please note: The Christmas (December '06) issue was breathtaking, however. The January 2007 issue gives me the impression that corners are being cut. I need not point out anything further than the front cover. I am guessing digital printing, and I am guessing it has been sold to *Arizona Highways* as a cheaper, yet equal, quality process. It's not. Random dot offset printing is a good alternative, but pure digital—ugh.

—Daniel Cygrymus, Pittsburgh, PA

Hoping to Visit Soon

My wife and I met a charming family from Virginia during a European tour. We became firm friends and have corresponded regularly. Recently, they took out a subscription to *Arizona Highways* for us. We are fascinated by the raw and spectacular beauty of your wonderful state and by the rich history that abounds there. We live in a country that has a reputation for being one of the great, unspoiled wonders on Earth, but I see from your excellent magazine that we have some serious competition. It is our intention to see this beautiful state in person.

—Lindsay Richards, Christchurch, New Zealand

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Aravaipa Apache Indian Chief Eskiminzin with two of his children in 1880, nine years after his short-lived friendship with Camp Grant Army Lt. Royal Whitman began. FROM THE PAPERS OF JOHN CLUM, 1860-1975, UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA LIBRARY, SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

A Bolt of Courage

Drawing inspiration from a tragic friendship

TOO OFTEN, HISTORY IS A DARK, towering monsoon storm of heartbreak and tragedy. But sometimes if you're lucky, a shaft of sunlight will lance the thunderheads.

Consider the singular friendship of 1st Lt. Royal Emerson Whitman and Apache Chief Eskiminzin, a gleam of light in the otherwise dispiriting tale of the Camp Grant Massacre.

Whitman, a Civil War hero and a principled abolitionist, was a descendant of Mayflower pilgrims. As a first lieutenant in the regular Army after the war, he was dispatched to the remote Camp Grant, an outpost at the junction of the San Pedro River and the paradise of Aravaipa Canyon.

That canyon was the homeland of a band of Apaches led by Eskiminzin, who clung to their land for decades in the face of pressure from incoming whites and other raiding bands. But in February 1871, five hungry, ragged women from Eskiminzin's band cautiously approached Whitman's outpost, searching for a boy taken prisoner by soldiers. Whitman, an idealistic, educated, compassionate man, treated them kindly, fed them and urged them to bring in Eskiminzin for peace talks.

A week later, Eskiminzin and 25 of his people arrived at the fort, proud but starving. His once-numerous band had dwindled to 150 starving survivors. Whitman advised him to move his band to the distant White Mountain Apache Reservation, but Eskiminzin pleaded for permission to settle near Camp Grant. Moved, Whitman took a career gamble and allowed them to settle nearby in hopes he could talk Gen. George Stoneman, based in San Francisco, into establishing a reservation.

The Apaches flocked to the camp, their numbers growing to perhaps 500. When Whitman offered to buy hay harvested from local meadows, the Apaches quickly cut 300,000 pounds. And when summer dried up the San Pedro and the lower reaches of Aravaipa Creek, he allowed the bands to move 5 miles up the canyon.

Tragically, Whitman's urgent appeal to establish a reservation was returned unopened six weeks later because a clerk noted he had failed to attach a required summary of the contents.

By then, raids by other bands of Indians had enraged the population of nearby Tucson, prompting many newspapers and citizens to call for the extermination of the Apaches. When raiders killed several local citizens, many insisted on flimsy evidence that the culprits had come from Eskiminzin's band.

Indian fighter William Ouray raised a mixed group consisting of about 50 settlers and 92 Tohono O'odham Indians (then called Papago), longtime enemies of the Apaches. They marched through the night and fell upon Eskiminzin's camp at dawn, quickly slaughtering more than 140 people—almost all of them women and children because the warriors were off hunting. Ouray's group sold 27 children taken prisoner as slaves in Mexico.

When Whitman learned of the attack, he rushed to Eskiminzin's camp, where he found a scene of devastation. He tended the wounded and oversaw burial details, hoping Eskiminzin would bring in his warriors. When the warriors filtered into the camp, they ". . . indulged in their expressions of grief, too wild and terrible to be described," wrote Whitman.

Only Eskiminzin's friendship with Whitman now prevented the grief-crazed warriors from extracting a bloody revenge.

When news of the attack reached Washington, President Ulysses S. Grant threatened to impose martial law unless Tucson authorities tried Ouray and his group. A jury acquitted the raiders after 19 minutes of deliberation.

The Tucson newspapers howled for Whitman's dismissal, but he spoke out courageously against the slaughter. His reward? Three court-martial trials on trumped-up charges and an early retirement. He moved to Washington, D.C., invented the popular Whitman saddle, lost his fortune and died of cancer at the age of 80 in 1913.

Eskiminzin moved his shattered band to the White Mountain Reservation and started a successful ranch, but jealous settlers soon seized his land. After Geronimo and the last of the Chiricahua Apache holdouts surrendered in 1886, Eskiminzin was arrested and sent off with Geronimo to exile in Florida. Eskiminzin was eventually released to return to the reservation in Arizona.

I return to Aravaipa Canyon whenever I can, in part to recall the life of Royal Whitman. He remains my hero, less for his courage in battle than for his moral courage. Perhaps if I can keep him present in my mind, I will have the courage to do the right, yet futile thing when the time comes.

That is why I go to where the storm of history broke in all its fury. For there, the story of Eskiminzin and Whitman lingers, like the pungent, cleansing smell of wet creosote.

editor@arizonahighways.com

by Peter Ensenberger, director of photography, photodirector@arizonahighways.com

Those Darned Canyons of the Colorado Plateau

THE SEDUCTIVE SIRENS of the Colorado Plateau have cast their spell on yet another photographer. This tantalizing landscape of sandstone skyscrapers and steep-walled canyons continually charms us with a song too sweet to ignore. We've heard it all before. It's the echo of an enduring story.

Count Gary Ladd among those unable to resist the plateau's allure.

"It's those darned canyons of the Colorado Plateau," Ladd admits. "Many of them are extraordinarily beautiful, pristine and permeated with an aura of timelessness. One can stumble upon a rockfall from last week, Native American pottery from a millennium ago, abandoned river channels from tens of thousands of years ago or rock units laid down hundreds of millions of years ago. There aren't many places left in North America where so many layers of time are so obvious and so photogenic."

Enchantment with the plateau's natural wonders started long ago for Ladd. So strong is his attraction to this canyon country that he took up residence at its epicenter 26 years ago. From his home in Page, it's easy to heed the call of the canyons. A buffet of national parks and monuments, recreation areas, national forests and tribal lands spreads out in all directions.

Ladd's passion for canyoneering has an ironic twist. He arrived in Arizona 35 years ago to work as a technician on an astronomical electronic camera, looking deep into space from Kitt Peak National Observatory at the summit of the Quinlan Mountains near the Mexican border. After years of photographing the heavens above, he discovered the awe-inspiring landscape straddling the Arizona/Utah line, and his focus suddenly shifted to the canyons below.

A love affair was born.

"I wanted to live within the Colorado Plateau, and I especially wanted to be close to Grand Canyon and Lake Powell," Ladd confesses. "I love these canyons of the Colorado River. I can't imagine a better place for me to live and do photography."

Years of hiking, climbing, rafting and exploring this remote region make him appreciate its canyons for more than just their photographic potential. He battles with the conflict of publishing his photographs and drawing attention to these primordial and fragile places, but he concedes that increased human impact isn't the worst that could happen.

"Certainly it would be better for plant, bug or soil organisms if we all stayed on the pavement," Ladd says. "What worries me far more is the pavement itself—the wholesale mega-destruction of habitats, air quality and water quality that continues largely unchecked in the name of progress. Even if I were stupid and careless my entire life, I couldn't possibly match the level of degradation that goes on in these landscapes every day because of our nation's lifestyle demands."

SANDSTONE SUBWAY **Gary Ladd has built a satisfying life exploring and photographing the steep-walled canyons of the Colorado Plateau. A portfolio, "Forceful Foregrounds," showcasing his photographic approach to his favorite subjects, begins on page 32.** GARY LADD

Still, many are drawn to these places when they see Ladd's striking images. And he has plenty of them. His photography stock files burgeon with more than 28,000 4x5 transparencies and 16,000 35 mm slides, all captioned and cataloged.

"I love working in large format because of the care that must be used and the quality of the final product," he says. "I haven't gone digital yet, but that will begin to happen soon, if only to make me a more effective photography instructor. And to keep my students from razzing me about the ancient technology I employ."

For whatever reason, Ladd neglected the normal stuff of everyday life while immersing himself in the slickrock wilderness of the plateau. He admits he can't cook or sew or overhaul an internal combustion engine. And don't ask him to program a VCR. But he excels at hiking and photography, and he gets to spend a lot of time backpacking in pristine landscapes with interesting people who share his devotion to these canyons.

"I kind of regret not being a scientist, helping to uncover the secrets of the universe," Ladd says. "But as it turns out, photography is just about the most important aspect of my life. I don't know what or where I'd be without it. Photography keeps me in touch with the natural world."

And his photography helps to uncover the secrets of those darned canyons of the Colorado Plateau. AH

online **Find expert photography advice and information at arizonahighways.com (click on "Photography").**

taking the **off-ramp**

Petrified Forest National Park Marks 100th Year

AN ARKANSAS SENATOR ALMOST voted down Petrified Forest National Park. He noticed the bill contained the word "forest," and protested that the government shouldn't take over any more timberland. Even in 1899, Arizona Territorial Gov. Nathan Murphy said ". . . the so-called Petrified Forest . . . is not attractive in the way of natural scenery. . . [and] much expense on the part of the government in creating a reserve for scenic purposes does not seem to me justified." Politicians weren't the only ones against the park. Businessmen saw profits in those stone trees. Railroad cars full of petrified wood were hauled to rock polishing companies, and petrified trees were dynamited for crystals. One company even built a mill to grind up the logs. Finally, President Theodore Roosevelt designated the Petrified Forest National Monument in 1906. Now visitors who steal pieces of petrified wood often mail them back with a letter claiming the stolen rock brought bad luck. A National Historic Landmark situated within the Petrified Forest National Park, the Painted Desert Inn Museum and Bookstore (above) underwent a complete renovation in 2005, and now offers guided tours of the park.

Information: (928) 524-6228; www.nps.gov/pefo. *— Janet Webb Farnsworth*

Shoo Fly Diners Had Help With Pests

IN 1869, A POPULAR PLACE to dine in Tucson was the Shoo Fly Restaurant. Diners were made more comfortable by young swatters, who wore white cotton jackets and kept the pests at bay. Locals claimed the restaurant got its name from the flies that hung out there and wouldn't "shoo."

— Mary Leavitt

Friday Mornings in Tuba City

THE BIGGEST, NOISIEST, LIVELIEST attraction of Tuba City, on the Navajo Indian Reservation, is missed by many tourists. You need to be there on Friday morning if you want to see the Tuba City Flea Market. Tables and tents rise on a dusty lot, and all the usual broken appliances and used clothing go on sale. But side by side with ordinary swap-meet stuff, tables of beaded work, jewelry, hand-woven fabrics and deerskins vie for attention.

Navajo elders, leathery men in cowboy hats and women wearing strands of silver and turquoise over their brilliant green, rose or blue velvet blouses pick their way across the dusty lot. The smoky aroma of mutton browning on mesquite-fired grills floats through the air. The meat and other goodies wait to be wrapped in thick tortillas, to accompany piles of roasted corn on the cob. Pots of stew simmer, frybread sizzles and parts of animals you may not even want to know about cook over hot coals at a dozen food booths.

The flea market is open every Friday from 7 A.M. to 4 P.M., barring bad weather. The Tuba City Chapter (To'Nanees'Dizi) of the Navajo Nation sponsors both the weekly flea market and a daily swap meet at their Chapter House.

To get there from U.S. Route 160 at State Route 264, turn northwest on Main Street. At the stoplight, turn right (east) onto Edgewater Drive. Look for the sign that says "Refuse Transfer Station" on the right. Turn right, and at the dead end, turn left onto the dirt road into the unpaved parking lot.

Information: (928) 283-3284.

— Vera Marie Badertscher

'Ready-to-eat' Desert Trout

IN ARIZONA, extensive damming has caused many of the state's desert rivers to slow to a trickle or less, turning the once running waters into dry streambeds. But humorist and official Arizona State Historian Marshall Trimble believes there are advantages to catching native desert trout in southern Arizona's dry rivers. In his book *Arizoniana*, Trimble notes, "They're already fried and ready to eat when you catch 'em."

— Sally Benford

Ed Begay, the "Voice of Indian Pro Rodeo," sells hats for $20 at the Tuba City Flea Market.

Former La Paloma owners Nancy and Charles Curtis stand outside Solomon's "dove."

Solomon's Dove Maintains an Old Tradition

IN JEWISH FOLKLORE, King Solomon relies on an eagle to carry him upward to angels who reveal God's mysteries. In Arizona, the little town of Solomon relies on a dove.

Established as Solomonville in 1876 by Jewish settlers from Pennsylvania, the town thrived on the founders' banking business, the Gila Valley Bank, a forerunner to Valley National Bank, which eventually moved to greener pastures. In later years, the town's name was shortened to Solomon, and its survival ultimately fell on the shoulders of a different establishment known as La Paloma, which is Spanish for "the dove."

A remote Mexican food eatery, La Paloma was opened by Raul and Prajedes Hernandez in the late 1970s, and became a popular stop for Phelps Dodge Mine workers in Morenci who commuted along State Route 70. In 1986, Nancy and Charles Curtis bought the adobe restaurant, expanding it into the building next door, while maintaining the original menu, recipes and methods of Prajedes Hernandez.

Purchased in January by Tom and Shelly Claridge, La Paloma still upholds the Hernandez's simple but successful tradition of authentic Mexican taste, drawing devotees from as far as Tucson. The unpretentious place, at 5185 E. Clifton St., has kept the town of Solomon on the map for more than 25 years.

Information: (928) 428-2094.

—JoBeth Jamison

A Ham-ane Society?

CONSUMING TOO MANY OREOS and Mr. Pibbs might make you feel like a pig, but on 70 acres in the Sonoran Desert near Marana, Oreo and Mr. Pibb are pigs. They are two of the more than 600 potbellied pigs that have been rescued by the Ironwood Pig Sanctuary over the past six years.

Traditionally considered farm animals, potbellied pigs assumed the role of "exotic pet" after celebrities like George Clooney made headlines with their unusual adoptees. While the breeding of potbellied pigs has increased and purchase prices have skyrocketed to as much as $20,000—some of the pigs themselves have fallen by the wayside.

Though highly trainable and surprisingly clean, potbellied pigs' specialized care often proves boorish for average pet owners. Failing to consider the weight of responsibility that comes with pig parenting (not to mention the bulk and longevity of the pigs, which weigh several hundred pounds and can live for more than 15 years), many owners opt to abandon or neglect them.

Co-founded by Mary Schanz and Ben Watkins, the Ironwood Pig Sanctuary offers a humane solution to the problem by providing a safe haven for the domesticated swine, while promoting spaying and neutering and offering assistance to pig owners. Potential adopters or sponsors interested in the sanctuary's approximately 450 rotund residents are welcome by appointment year-round.

Information: (520) 631-6015; www.ironwoodpigsanctuary.org.

—JoBeth Jamison

Karsyn Disney and Melvin.

Bring the Southwest's Colorful Bounty to Your Garden

IF YOU THOUGHT ONLY CACTI GREW IN THE DESERT, get acquainted with the Southwest's botanical bounty—including corn, beans, cotton, garish purple-and-white devil's claw blooms and burgundy-red amaranth seedlings—and bring some to your own garden. *Native Harvest: Authentic Southwestern Gardening* by Kevin Dahl claims anyone's backyard garden can host plants indigenous to the American Southwest. From Hopi blue corn to Tohono O'odham yellow watermelon, *Native Harvest* marries history and agriculture, covering techniques used for thousands of years. Promote growth and control pests naturally, and learn how the plants have been used for centuries, from fresh eating (Tohono O'odham yellow, crisp and sweet watermelon) to basket-making (from fibrous devil's claw pods and candy made with amaranth seeds, popped and mixed with honey). The book, enhanced with detailed photographs, is a joint effort of Western National Parks Association and Native Seeds/SEARCH, an organization working to preserve Indian cultures and agriculture.

Information: (888) 569-7762; www.wnpa.org.

—Kimberly Hosey

THESE TWO PAGES, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: JOSEPH DANIEL FIEDLER, TERRENCE MOORE, DAWN DISNEY, JEFF KIDA, GEOFF GOURLEY, LINDA LONGMIRE

ADVENTURE GUIDE

PASSING THROUGH PARIA

A photographer learns deep lessons in life's passage through the narrows

WRITTEN AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY JACK DYKINGA

FLOOD MUD Drying, cracked mud surrounding a boulder near a Jurassic Navajo sandstone wall in Paria Canyon testifies to one of the canyon's innumerable, unpredictable flash floods.

To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.

CLAY DISPLAY Varicolored clay deposits display a wavy, river-worked pattern until the next heavy flow of water through Paria Canyon.

I trudge along behind the bouncing blue beam of my headlamp as it cuts through the darkness three days and 36 miles down into the sinuous curves of Paria Canyon with my grandnephew, Peter Hodal. I want to go faster, but my raw feet urge discretion, despite the lure of the cold drink waiting in the truck. As the last of the boulder-strewn landscape passes the light's periphery, my mind wanders through a vision-quest recollection of how this canyon has shaped my life for three decades.

For three days, I have watched a parallel transformation in the face of my 22-year-old companion as we made this long trek from Utah down to Lee's Ferry in Arizona. Weary from the effort of keeping up with him, earlier this night I was ready to make camp in the last shady spot in the lower canyon. But we arrived only to find that a hive of bees had claimed the site. Maybe they weren't actually Africanized bees, but painful experience deterred me from questioning their lineage, so we moved 100 feet down-canyon and cooked dinner as the sun set. We could have spent the night there, but we decided to leave the bees behind and hike through the night, although it would make the day's trip 20 miles long.

Now in the darkness, I wonder what effect the canyon has had on Peter these three days. A Marine just back from a one-year tour and 15 convoys in Iraq, Peter is now on leave. As we have hiked along, he has delighted in testing the jellylike shoreline quicksand. By jumping from one leg to another, he could turn the saturated sand to molasses as he slowly sank. He's been a kid again. His eyes have constantly searched the clefts in the stony canyon walls for the next seep. Eager for discovery, he's been the first to find those fern-covered grottos that signal clear drinking water.

For my part, I want to reconnect to an immensely beautiful place and show my young friend the desert that has taught me so much.

My intimate memories of Paria Canyon have piled up over the years. I came here first in 1978, fresh from a career in photojournalism, first in Chicago and then as picture editor of the *Arizona Daily Star* in Tucson. Chicago still weighed heavily on me the first time I came to the canyon on an impulse fueled by several adventurous friends.

"Vietnam boots; it has to be Vietnam boots!" Don Bayles had insisted, knowing that Paria's quicksand could suck tennis shoes right off my feet. Seasoned desert rats, Don and Joyce Bayles knew I needed high-topped jungle boots designed for wading in rice paddies.

That first time, the narrows of Paria Canyon struck me speechless. The cathedral-like walls reduced all conversation to whispers with an overpowering feeling of human insignificance. Eons of flash flooding have tormented and sculpted the strangely shaped cliffs with an equal mixture of sand and water. Box elder and cottonwood trees cover the sandy benches, supplying emerald splashes of color. Towering desert-varnished Navajo sandstone cliffs glow blue, reflecting the distant sky. Instead of taking pictures, I simply stared in disbelief.

I was in the West, I was overwhelmed and I was home.

I quit newspaper work soon after that. The job was eating my soul, and my route to freedom led through Paria Canyon.

So the canyon taught me about freedom that first time.

And it has imparted some new lesson with each trip.

On a trip in June 1981, it taught me about being a father. Semilegendary hikers Pete Cowgill and Eber Glendening invited me to explore Paria Canyon's most noteworthy side canyon, Buckskin Gulch. Despite their doubts, I wanted to bring my then 12-year-old son, Peter. My son rose to the challenge. Negotiating the deepest pools near the Buckskin's midpoint, only his head and his arms holding his pack remained visible. My admiration and pride for my son swelled my chest. His self-confidence increased with each stream crossing.

I watched him grow before my eyes.

Of course, sometimes the canyon can extract a deadly price for its treasures. During an October 1981 Paria Canyon trip, with four photography students in tow, a slight change in the river's color nearly went unnoticed. But then a thin layer of flotsam streaked with mud appeared along the shoreline. Though no rain was falling, the ominous clouds to the north told a different story. It was raining upriver! We sped up, scanning the canyon for signs of a flash flood as we pushed to reach the tributary of Wrather Canyon, with its relatively safe camps (now closed to camping). Soon, large chocolate waves announced the river's violent transformation. The lazy ankle-deep water rose above our knees, then higher yet. Loaded with silt, the heavy waters bullied me at every step to keep my 215-pound frame upright.

Suddenly, a frightened hiker running down a side canyon interrupted our dash to Wrather Canyon's arched caves. In broken English, he said he wanted to rejoin his friend camped across the river. Both were Swedish biologists experiencing fickle desert weather

WET-ZONE FERNS Seeping water creates ideal year-round wet conditions for maidenhair ferns to sprout incongruously green in the sandstone of a side canyon known as The Hole.

To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.

POLISHED FACE Microorganisms dwelling on rock surfaces interact with dust and minerals in the air to form shiny desert varnish, here glowing blue on a Paria Canyon sandstone wall.

■ To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.

for the first time. Across the river, his friend was in real trouble, since they'd camped on a low area in the path of an onrushing watery train. Climbing a bluff on our side, we screamed and waved, urging the stranded biologist to seek higher ground. He scrambled up the slope just as sheets of water rose over the banks and swallowed all traces of his camp.

That night, we shared our camp, our food and our smiles beneath vaulted canyon walls with the Swedish biologists. By morning, the river had subsided to waist deep. We locked arms and crossed as an ungainly multilegged being, probing the footing with walking sticks as we crossed the once-benign canyon that now tested us with every step.

I have never felt more alive.

On other trips through Paria, I sought a connection with the intricate history of this sometimes-violent land.

For instance, Mormon leader John Lee, while fleeing federal officials after the Mountain Meadows Massacre, made his dash to freedom down Paria Canyon. He did it in the dead of winter. Tucson writer Charles Bowden and I knew this would make a great story if we could get Lee's journal and re-enact his icy journey.

So, in January 1986, we descended into the frigid abyss. We hadn't planned on the sun's low angle and the mere 10 minutes of sunlight per day that reached the canyon's bottom. We hadn't counted on crossing ice jams and crashing through stacked, frozen slabs into waist-deep ice water. We learned what Lee experienced. We felt his pain, and it was real. Staying warm became our preoccupation. We passed the glacial hours with silly games like seeing who could spend the most time inside a warm sleeping bag.

That's another gift of the canyon. It reduces life to its essentials. Staying warm, finding water and picking safe camps replace cell phones, e-mails and traffic snarls. Perhaps that is the reason wilderness is so essential. We humans must retreat from our distractions to understand our own lives.

Maybe we can't place our feet into the same river twice. But it is not only the river that changes. I am a different person after each visit, for the canyon has transformed me. This journey is a metaphor for life, for each bend brings new delights, surprises and tests. All I can do is follow the stream, eager to see around the next turn.

We finally reach the truck. I stare at the face of my young, bearded grandnephew and see a different person. We hug, shake hands and smile.

He'll be back. I see it in his eyes. AH

For 25 years, Jack Dykinga of Tucson has been a contributing photographer for Arizona Highways. *He says that since 1978, Paria Canyon has shaped his photography—and his life.*

BUCKSKIN BENCH Apparently flourishing on a "bench" of soil in Buckskin Gulch, a tree has gained a tentative foothold.

■ To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.

Eons of flash flooding have tormented and sculpted the strangely shaped cliffs with an equal mixture of sand and water.

POINT DOWN At one time attached higher on the canyon wall, the mass of sandstone forming Slide Rock Arch resembles a gigantic arrowhead embedded in the canyon floor, pointed end down.

■ To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.

when you go

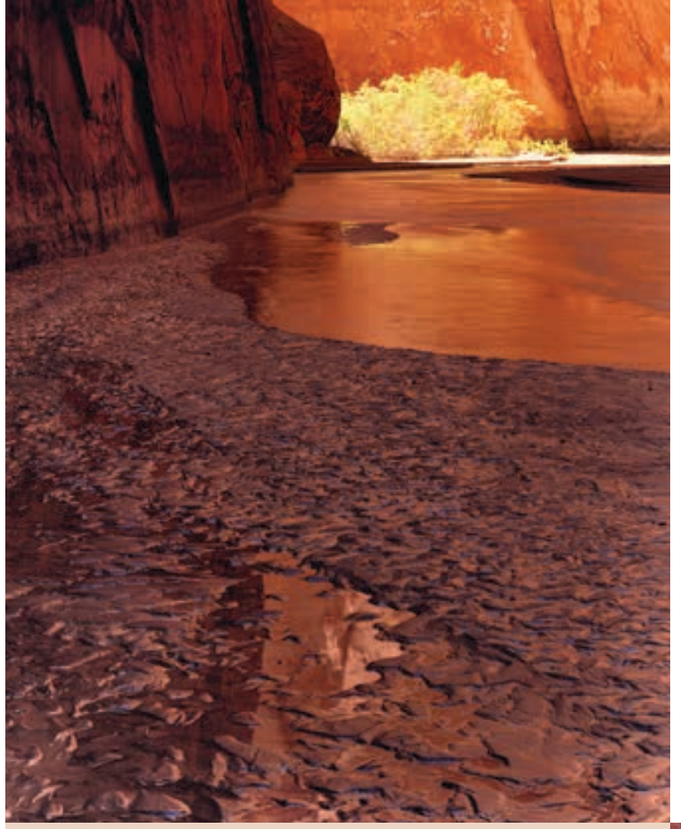
Location: Northern Arizona, near the Utah border.
Getting There: From Flagstaff, drive north on U.S. Route 89 for 105 miles to U.S. Route 89A at Bitter Springs. Take U.S. 89A north 14 miles to Navajo Bridge. After crossing the bridge, turn right to Lee's Ferry and Paria Canyon.
Travel Advisory: Hiking permits are required and can be purchased from the Bureau of Land Management. Overnight permits must be purchased in advance.
Additional Information: (435) 688-3246; www.blm.gov/az/asfo/paria/index.htm.

RIOTING COLUMBINE
Shade-loving columbine blooms in riotous profusion in a Paria Canyon seep.

■ To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.

VALIANT SHOW Despite eroded soil at its partially uprooted base, a cottonwood tree puts forth a contradictory green-leafed display of vibrant health.

To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.



IN THE SPOTLIGHT Sunshine glancing between Paria's towering, rocky faces spotlights a copse of slender-trunked saplings on a streamside ledge.

To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.

That's another gift of the canyon. It reduces life to its essentials.

3 SLOTTED FOR ADVENTURE Canyon Tours

ANTELOPE CANYON

The famous flood-hewn slot canyon carved from the Navajo sandstone of the Colorado Plateau has lured many photographers determined to catch the mystical midday sunshine slanting down to the sandy bottom.

INFORMATION: Antelope Canyon Tours, (928) 645-9102; www.antelopecanyon.com.
FEES: Five 90-minute tours run each day for $28.51 per guest, or catch the light on the daily photographer's tour, departing at 11:30 A.M., for $45.38.
COOL FACT: The most-visited and most-photographed slot canyon in the American Southwest has attracted a wide variety of guests—from international photographers and canyoneers to pop star Britney Spears, who shot a music video in Upper Antelope Canyon.

SALOME CANYON

A granite crevice that drains into Theodore Roosevelt Lake, Salome Canyon offers a range of adventures, all of which involve swimming the length of several canyon pools and some that require a 50-foot rappel.

INFORMATION: 360 Adventures, (480) 633-9013; www.360-adventures.com.
FEES: 12-hour private tours cost $600 for two people and $200 for each additional guest, or join a group for $200 per person.
COOL FACT: The steep slopes and bluffs of Salome Canyon were the site of Salado Indian dwellings, built and occupied between A.D. 1200 and 1300.

CANYON X

This mysterious slot canyon lies 8 miles north of Antelope Canyon on private property. The Navajos allow only two to four people per day to enter this deeper, narrower version of Antelope, making it quiet and remote.

INFORMATION: Overland Tours, (928) 608-4072; www.overlandcanyon.com.
FEES: Embark on the 5-hour X-Photo tour with professional photographer Jackson Bridges for $150 per person. If photography's not your forte, try the X-Combo tour, a 4.5-hour ramble through Canyon X and Upper Antelope Canyon, for $130 per person.
COOL FACT: The undulating, vivid sandstone there has been said to "morph" into faces and figures as the light hits it. Keep an eye out for formations like the Portal, the Guardian and the Elephant Arch.

—Brian Minnick

RIPPLED ROCK Narrow river channels and tons of debris-laden water combine to sculpt rippled reminders of raging floods within Paria Canyon's sandstone walls.

To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.

ADVENTURE GUIDE

Dead Man's Tale

A treasure hunter, a skull and bones and the Lost Dutchman Mine lead a writer along the hot trail to a cold case

BY JOHN ANNERINO

GOLDEN NEEDLE Etched in stones atop Black Top Mesa, a Spanish symbol points across the rugged terrain of the Superstition Wilderness to the distant Weavers Needle. Cast in shadow, the distinctive rock formation reigns over a long and dark history of gold, greed and murder.
JOHN ANNERINO

TREACHEROUS QUEST The fantasy of buried treasure in the Superstition Wilderness drove desperate, Depression-era dreamers like Adolph Ruth into a brutal and deadly reality. Grueling desert temperatures and a limited water supply could make the sheer, jagged ridgelines of the Superstition Mountains' west buttress look like the gates of hell to weary fortune-seekers.
JOHN ANNERINO

. . . the map that killed Adolph Ruth must have seemed a lightning stroke of good luck.

The warm spring wind whistles through the hoodoos as I trace a serpentine path through bloodstained mountains still haunted with dread. The sun climbs higher. And the morning chorus of white-winged doves, Gambel's quail and cactus wrens gives way to the incessant buzz and whine of deerflies and no-see-ums. I swat at them with a bandanna and continue searching the mesquites, saguaros and ocotillos for movement. But the trail I follow is 75 years old, and there's little chance of discovering new physical evidence to the cold case of Washington, D.C., treasure-hunter Adolph Ruth, who vanished in this hellish maze of cliffs and canyons searching for the Lost Dutchman's gold.

It's 2:40 P.M. when I—hot and dehydrated—reach the site of Ruth's only known camp, at Willow Springs in the Superstition Mountains. Corralled by an avalanche of boulders choking West Boulder Canyon, Willow Springs marks the beginning of my quest to retrace Ruth's fatal trail. Nearly disabled by a painful leg injury, Ruth ventured into this unforgiving wilderness hoping to find the treasure marked on his map and wound up with what looked like bullet holes in his skull.

I peer into a black pool of water. Hundreds of young flies guzzle water, underscoring the thin line between life and death that Ruth faced alone in this desolate canyon. On June 14, 1931, he wrote:

> *My dear Wife and Children,*
> *Yesterday, Saturday, June 13th, Mr. Purnell and Jack Keenan and I rode 3 burros and two carried my tent, bedding, fifty pounds of flour, 10 pounds of sugar, coffee, etc. I rode my burro until we got to this water. I didn't get off because I was afraid I could not stand on it [my bad leg] again. . . .*
> *Love, A. Ruth.*

Just six months later, a search party discovered his skull in La Barge Canyon, nearly a mile distant from where they later found his skeleton on the slopes of Black Top Mesa. Moreover, both skull and bones were scattered far from this camp, where two cowboys had abandoned a helpless old man with a map to one of the most fabled treasures of the Southwest—the Lost Dutchman Gold Mine. So I am determined to walk 7 torturous miles along his path to decide for myself whether he fell victim to the merciless desert sun, as the sheriff ruled, or died at the hands of a murderer, as I've long suspected.

I shoulder my pack. I'm still cramped, stiff and dehydrated, although I'm fit and pack far more water than Ruth did. But I've limited my fluid intake in order to level the playing field to that of a frail old man limping down the brutal course of West Boulder Canyon, carrying little more than a cane and a metal thermos of hot water in the searing June heat.

Dust whirls as I boulder-hop down a river of gray stones while the desert temperature soars past 95 degrees. I am lightheaded, and the rocks moving like marbles underfoot, threaten to snap an ankle. I slip on them and drop in my tracks, lying on the hot stones as gnats swarm around my face.

I crawl to my feet, my left leg rigid with a deep, painful cramp. I try to shake it out, but I'm too dehydrated. I limp a quarter-mile to a water cache. It takes forever in the pall of heat.

I camp a half-mile beyond the cache at 6:35 P.M. After drinking two quarts of warm water, I walk back upstream to a rank pool. I strain a gallon-and-a-half of water through my salt-stained bandanna and treat it with chlorine. I am weary but refreshed, and spend the evening contemplating Ruth's fate.

At first glance, the map that killed Adolph Ruth must have seemed a lightning stroke of good luck. Ruth's son, Erwin, had smuggled the Juan Gonzáles family from Monterrey, Nuevo León, Mexico, into Laredo, Texas, in 1913 and was paid with a set of maps to the Peralta family's mines. Ruth and his son followed one of the maps into California's Anza-Borrego badlands in 1919, but there Adolph broke his leg and nearly died. Doctors set his bone with a metal plate, shortening his right leg 2 inches, and told him if he ever broke it again, he'd die.

Twelve years later, Ruth resumed his search for lost gold after uncovering the infamous Gonzáles-Peralta map among Erwin's possessions. Many versions of "Lost Dutchman" Jacob Waltz's tale claim that Walz located a rich lode first worked by the Peralta family. But the Peralta Massacre and the 1854 Gadsden Purchase drove surviving Peralta family members out of the area. One of the most enticing clues that remained was the Gonzáles-Peralta map, which included a reference to Sombrero Butte, possibly another name for Weavers Needle, long the focal point of Lost Dutchman lore. Ignoring his family's pleas, Ruth drove cross-country with his prized map and an unidentified man and reached the Quarter Circle U Ranch near the Peralta Trail on May 13, 1931.

He asked the ranch owner, William A. "Tex" Barkley, to guide him, but Barkley told Ruth to wait until he returned from a cattle drive. Impatient, Ruth hired two of Barkley's cowhands, Jack Keenan and Leroy F. Purnell, to take him into the mountains. But here's where the mystery deepens. Why did

MASTER MINE More likely the markings of an ancient native culture (and a few recent ones), this series of "Spanish hieroglyphics," known as the Peralta Master Map, in Charlebois Spring, are believed by many of the mine-seeking masses to be drawn either by Spanish conquistadores or by the Peralta family as a means of locating their notorious mine. JOHN ANNERINO

Keenan and Purnell pack Ruth into the godforsaken depths of Willow Springs, at least 7 miles from an area resembling the terrain on the Gonzáles-Peralta map?

I break camp the next morning, rehydrated and well-rested. I dog the ghost trail of Ruth up the short, steep climb to Bull Pass, then down into Needle Canyon, toward the site where Ruth's remains were eventually found. Some writers are convinced that Ruth met his fate by climbing over Bull Pass on foot, but hiking along that trail, I cannot believe he could have made it through the pass.

I detour to Charlebois Spring to examine a large petroglyph called the Peralta Master Map, and then retrace my footsteps through a verdant grove of cottonwood trees shading La Barge Creek. The path is overshadowed by clues to the lost mine. In his book, *Treasure Secrets of the Lost Dutchman*, the late Charles L. Kenworthy wrote that he had pinpointed the Lost Dutchman and the Peralta mines on the nearby rugged slopes.

High above my right shoulder lies Peters Mesa, where treasure-seekers once found an 1846 Paterson Colt .44 caliber revolver, three skeletons, a strongbox and 11.5 pounds of gold ore. Why hadn't Keenan and Purnell packed Ruth into this canyon oasis, much nearer his destination?

It's twilight when I cross the low divide separating La Barge Canyon from Needle Canyon. I stand in the pass for some time imagining possible scenarios of Ruth's death.

After Ruth vanished, a hound named Music led an expedition mounted by *The Arizona Republic* to Ruth's skull. Here, in these canyons, that discovery mystifies me now. How did Ruth manage to crawl up Black Top Mesa? And could a flash flood have carried his skull from there into Needle Canyon, then up over the divide into La Barge Canyon? If coyotes carried it so far, and in the process created two bullet-sized holes, how did they avoid damaging the delicate nasal bones? The men who found the skull believed Ruth had been shot, and in January 1932, Smithsonian Institution physical anthropologist Dr. Ales Hrdlicka examined the skull and found a "strong possibility" that Ruth was shot with a "high powered gun," possibly a .44 or .45 caliber Army revolver.

Nonetheless, Maricopa County Sheriff J.D. Adams concluded in his January 25, 1932, letter to Arizona Sen. Carl Hayden that Ruth died of thirst. "You know that a crippled man walking 6 miles over rugged, rough mountainous country under the burning heat of an Arizona sun in the month of June would absolutely perish of thirst," Adams wrote.

I don't dispute that. But Ruth wouldn't have made it that far. West Boulder Canyon would have done him in. How then, did his remains reach Needle Canyon? And if he died of thirst, what became of the map? The longer I study the terrain, the more I suspect foul play.

The sound of water trickling alongside my camp in Needle Canyon soothes me throughout the night. But this is not the mysterious desert sanctuary I relished in my teens. It's a dead man's trail through perilous mountains stalked by a rogues' gallery of two-legged varmints led by none other than Ruth's predecessor, the Dutchman himself. During his deathbed confession, Jacob Waltz admitted to murdering seven men: three Peralta descendants he'd claim-jumped for the mine, his own nephew who'd traveled from Germany to help, two soldiers he later found working the mine and a lonely prospector with two burros.

"I shot him without giving him a chance to explain," Waltz reportedly confided to Richard Holmes in the wee hours of October 25, 1891. "I unloaded the equipment, and set fire to it, then drove the burros away."

Set against a tableau of greed, murder and the specter of the 1930s Depression that drove many over the edge, Adolph Ruth was a marked man from the moment he mentioned his treasure map to Tex Barkley in front of his ranch hands at the Quarter Circle U.

Early the next morning, I climb to the top of Black Top Mesa to compare the topography with the Gonzáles-Peralta map and study "Spanish hieroglyphics," petroglyphs known as the Peralta Master Map. Far below, I envision searchers huddled around a campfire as Ruth's bullet-riddled skull dangles nearby. I can imagine his white bones scattered like rock salt below the black cliffs beneath my feet.

I spend an eerily dark, silent night camped alone in Bull Pass. Everything's packed, my shoes are laced on my feet and I'm sleeping with one eye open in case someone else creeps into this bad dream. Officially, Purnell and Keenan were said to have bulletproof alibis and were exonerated. They left the state. Case closed.

I'm not convinced. Who else had the motive, the means and the opportunity to murder Ruth? The unidentified man who drove to Arizona with Ruth? A mysterious, machete-wielding "renegade" reportedly seen in the area over the years? Desperate Goldfield miners sifting through meager diggings, who didn't much like the idea of a pinstriped Easterner driving off into the sunset with the mother lode of lost treasures?

Two other questions keep me tossing and turning throughout the night as I count down to first light when I can walk out of Adolph Ruth's nightmare. A month after the news of the skull discovery, Tex Barkley and Sheriff Adams found the rest of the skeleton.

Coincidence?

Thirty-five years later, private investigator Glenn Magill interviewed Jack Keenan's widow. She reportedly told him: "You know, my husband and his partner never were able to find the mine, even with Mr. Ruth's maps."

Those words confirm my own suspicions that Ruth was betrayed at Willow Springs. He was shot point-blank somewhere between West Boulder Canyon and Peters Mesa. His Gonzáles-Peralta treasure map was stolen. His body was packed out from the crime scene and thrown over the edge of Black Top Mesa. His severed skull was physically planted for searchers to find in La Barge Canyon. And the gunman never swung from the gallows.

John Annerino of Tucson spent 12 years exploring the Camino del Diablo region for his book, Dead in Their Tracks: Crossing America's Desert Borderlands. *As a result, he was inspired to pick up Adolph Ruth's old trail.*

TRAIL OF ADVENTURE

Three Great Superstition Hikes

ROGERS CANYON

Situated in the Tonto National Forest's Superstition Wilderness, this 9-mile-round-trip hike into Rogers Canyon mingles vivid desert scenery with a surprising riparian area shaded by sycamore, ash and several varieties of oak trees. Along the trail, a natural rock alcove harbors a well-preserved, 700-year-old secluded Salado cliff dwelling. Hike in the early spring or late fall to experience the canyon's beautiful colors.

REAVIS FALLS

A 140-foot seasonal-flow waterfall cascades from a rocky outcrop offering unexpected pleasure in the dry recesses of the Sonoran Desert. Hikers can reach Reavis Falls on this 15-mile-round-trip hike through the beautiful mountains of Lost Dutchman lore.

MASSACRE GROUNDS

It's just a 1.5-mile trek from the trailhead to the site where Apache Indians reportedly ambushed and massacred Spanish miners who were transporting gold ore to Mexico. This easy-to-moderate trail shows its true colors in the spring when vibrant wildflowers carpet the hills below the imposing cliffs of the Superstition Mountains.

Information on all hikes: (602) 225-5200; www.fs.fed.us/r3/tonto/home.shtml.

—Brian Minnick

DECOY CANYON **Some believe the dried-up and perhaps bullet-punctured skull of Adolph Ruth, found in La Barge Canyon (left), was planted by his assailants to throw law-enforcement officers and loot hunters off the trail.** JOHN ANNERINO

online **Turn myth into a mountain of fun with our Superstition Weekend Getaway at arizonahighways.com (click on "April Trip Planner").**

ROCKY PASSAGE The pinnacle of Superstition Mountain (top), also known as “Crooked Top Mountain,” gives a bird’s-eye view of Ruth’s beautiful but brutal desert passage. JOHN ANNERINO

THE BOOK OF RUTH One of three Peralta Gold Mine maps (above), given to Erwin Ruth, upon which Adolph would unknowingly plot his own death. Adolph Ruth, c. 1931 (right), just before his ill-fated journey. BOTH COURTESY ASU SPECIAL COLLECTIONS LIBRARY

KEVIN KIBSEY

FATAL ROUTE The red line shows Adolph Ruth’s likely path in his lethal search for the Lost Dutchman Mine, starting at the present-day trailhead at First Water Ranch. Two cowboys packed Ruth in to his camp at Willow Springs. Author John Annerino has attempted to reconstruct Ruth’s journey. The discovery of Ruth’s skull on the opposite side of a high ridge from the location of his skeleton and the implausible distance of his remains from his camp at Willow Springs convinced Annerino that someone murdered the crippled old man.

MANHUNT Ruth’s skull was found by a search party (above), led in part by Arizona pioneer George “Brownie” Holmes (right), whose father, Richard Holmes, was present for the deathbed confessions of the “Dutchman,” Jacob Waltz. BOTH COURTESY ASU SPECIAL COLLECTIONS LIBRARY

ADVENTURE GUIDE

TEETERING ATOP HISTORY

Four Peaks Climb Tests Rusty Skills and Yields a Historic View

BY BOB KERRY PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER NOEBELS

Like an illustration of a fairy-tale kingdom, four jagged peaks haunt the distant skyline northeast of Phoenix. We had come to the Mazatzal Mountains for a rock climb, called by local climbers the Ladybug Route, up a huge rock buttress on the north side of Browns Peak—at 7,644 feet, the highest and northernmost of the Four Peaks. After watching the peaks from a distance for 35 years and researching their complex, sometimes tragic history, I jumped at the chance when Peter Noebels suggested the climb, accompanied by Phoenix Fire Department Capt. Manuel "Manny" Rangel and his friend Melinda McClelland, a strong climber with a sense of adventure.

The adventure began on Forest Service Road 143 with an hour-long drive to the Lone Pine Saddle trailhead. We drove through a dismaying landscape still scarred by the 1996 Lone Fire. Caused by a carelessly abandoned campfire, this monster forest fire consumed more than 61,000 acres in 11 days and burned much of the Four Peaks Wilderness Area.

FROM SINGED TO STUNNING
The sun rises over Theodore Roosevelt Lake, draping pink light onto the once-charred landscape that smoldered a little over a decade ago during the Lone Fire, one of the largest forest fires in Arizona's history.

A ROCK WITH A VIEW
The summit of Browns Peak is found on the Ladybug Route that stretches to 7,644 feet. Belayed from above by Manny Rangel while Bob Kerry looks on, Melinda McClelland scales the rock that offers views of Phoenix from the highest point in Maricopa County.

when you go

Location: Four Peaks Wilderness Area, approximately 40 miles northeast of Phoenix.
Getting There: From Phoenix, take Shea Boulevard to State Route 87 and turn left, driving 12 miles to Forest Service Road 143, also known as Four Peaks Road. Turn right onto FR 143 and follow for 18 miles to Forest Service Road 648 and turn right, following FR 648 for 1.3 miles to the trailhead parking lot.
Travel Advisory: Always carry plenty of water, at least 1 gallon per day per person. Never hike or climb alone. The Four Peaks Wilderness Area is said to have the highest black bear population in Arizona.
Additional Information: Tonto National Forest, (520) 467-3200; www.fs.fed.us/r3/tonto/wilderness/wilderness-4peaks-index.shtml.

THE AFTER-CHAR CHALLENGE
The trails of Browns Peak (right) have become rugged and difficult to follow since after-fire brush has grown back at an alarming rate, obscuring the pathways.

But forest fires are strange beasts. Trail 133 toward Browns Peak, also known as Browns Trail, revealed an area on the mend. The trail winds for 2 miles through thick brush interspersed with burned areas, dotted with pine trees inexplicably spared by the fire. We passed 100-year-old juniper trees and granite hoodoos set among young oak trees. With chattering squirrels in the background, spectacular views of Theodore Roosevelt Lake stood out from every clearing. The trail follows a steep gully leading to the top of the mountain and our climbing goal: a huge buttress of quartzite glowing with green and golden lichen. Searching for a route, we split into two parties. Manny and Melinda moved out right on a ledge crowded with small oak trees. Peter and I started climbing from the gully. As it turned out, we all ended up on the same ledge after the first pitch, which is the length of the rope that linked us, in our case about 160 feet.

The climbing was excellent fun, not too hard with a lot of big handholds. It reminded me of climbing as a kid, up trees and over fences and whatever else there was to climb. Our exploits would not capture headlines in a climbing magazine, but it was just the kind of fun that makes climbing addictive.

Climbing behind Peter on the safety rope, I felt relaxed. But when I reached the ledge, Peter suggested I lead the next pitch. I am an experienced climber, but my rusty skills made me nervous about leading my first pitch in a long time.

After 30 feet of steep climbing, I wrapped a nylon sling around a sinewy oak tree growing out of a big crevice. As soon as I clipped the rope into the sling, a wave of courage swept over me; if I fell now, the rope would catch me. Another 100 feet of easier climbing placed me atop a huge block of quartzite, where I anchored the rope to belay Peter up.

Peter snapped photographs of Melinda and Manny below, focusing on Manny's bright red and white Dr. Seuss hat. I relaxed, taking in the vista of the Mazatzal Mountains to the north.

Higher up, the climbing got easier. Soon we were sitting atop the jagged tower, but the climb wasn't over yet. Our buttress was separated from the main mountain by a deep gorge too steep to climb down, so we rappelled on our ropes into the main hiking gulley, then scrambled up to the top of Browns Peak.

The view from the top encompassed the other three peaks, all within a hundred feet or so of the elevation where we stood. Although they rose to eye level, the peaks didn't tempt us. The ridge between them featured an incredible jumble of boulders, cliffs and thick brush.

Resting on the summit at 7,644 feet, we scanned the panorama around us. We knew the appearance of rolling hills was deceptive. The lower-level terrain concealed a maze of canyons, ridges, washes, mesquite trees, cacti and darned little flat ground.

As we looked south and west from the peak, the Phoenix metro area presented a strange sight. Through the pervading haze, the surfaces of a myriad lakes, ponds and reservoirs glimmered as though floating in air.

Four Peaks stands in the Tonto National Forest, where, until some 150 years ago, the Tonto Apache and Yavapai Indians roamed freely. Scouting around, we found an inscription on a rock that reads, "TEMPLETON 4th CAV. 1867," referring to one of the U.S. Army units that chased Apache renegades across this landscape before and after the Civil War. During the Apache Wars, battles between native tribes and U.S. troops were fought in nearby Tonto Basin, where Gen. George Crook rounded up recalcitrant Apaches who refused to live on the reservation. Crook enlisted the help of Apache scouts, who knew every nook and cranny of the territory. Round-the-clock pursuit by the soldiers made it impossible for the Apache bands to gather enough food to feed their families. The superior number of whites and the area's logistics gradually wore down the Apaches. Driven by starvation, the bands surrendered one by one.

Sitting on top of Browns Peak, it seemed incredible that the soldiers and the warriors they pursued could have crossed this country at night; we'd had a hard enough time in daylight.

As the sun faded, we headed down the mountain. The scramble down the rocky gully went a lot faster than our climb up the Ladybug Route, and we soon returned to the trail. The shadow of the Mazatzal Mountains obscured Roosevelt Lake, but the outline of Four Peaks projected onto the far shore.

Returning to Phoenix, I reflected on the day's marvels. Despite the ravages of fire and the tragedies of history, the mountains still rise, the junipers persist and the lakes still shimmer against the western sky. AH

Bob Kerry lives in Tucson, where he practiced law for 30 years between hiking and climbing mountains all over Arizona.

Photographer Peter Noebels, who recently moved from Tucson to Portland, Oregon, has enjoyed Browns Peak for many years. Whether he's hiking it or climbing it, he says Browns Peak is a great adventure and a must-do for all peak-baggers.

online **Find our Great Adventures Guide at arizonahighways.com (click on "April Trip Planner").**

ADVENTURE GUIDE

3 Great Climbs

BY JOBETH JAMISON

WARNING: Rock climbing is extremely dangerous and can result in serious injury or death. In all fairness, so can crossing the street, but it's not nearly as rewarding or fun. While we can't even begin to scratch the surface of Arizona's great climbs, we consulted with Manuel "Manny" Rangel, Arizona administrator for www.rockclimbing.com and active member of www.mountainproject.com, for three recommended routes. Note: Each route requires proper training and equipment. Climbs are rated using the Yosemite Decimal System, which starts any climb requiring technical moves and protective equipment with a 5-point rating. The higher the second number, the harder the climb. The average climber generally stays within 5.6 to 5.10. Visit www.mountainproject.com and www.rockclimbing.com and consult with the recommended guidebooks for exact locations and route details.

SINKER *Jacks Canyon* Level: 5.6

DESCRIPTION: For those fresh-from-the-gym sport climbers, this solid starter route in Cracker Jack Cliffs lets you cut your teeth before you sink them into the area's abundance of high-rated moderate to hard climbs. The heavily pocketed mix of limestone and sandstone makes it a perfect place for first-time leads.

LOCATION: Jacks Canyon, 30 miles south of Winslow off State Route 87. Sinker is at the east end of Cracker Jack Cliffs.

CONTACT: Coconino National Forest, Mogollon Rim Ranger District, (928) 477-2255; www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino/recreation/mog_rim/jacks-canyon.shtml.

GUIDEBOOK: *Jacks Canyon Sport Climbing* by Diedre Burton.

THE TOTEM POLE *Queen Creek* Level: 5.11

DESCRIPTION: This freestanding volcanic pillar in Lower Devil's Canyon might intimidate at first but, says Rangel, who claims it as an area sport-climb favorite, "It's [5.11], but only a short part and easy for the grade." Getting there may be more challenging than the climb itself. Reliable four-wheel drive required.

LOCATION: Lower Devil's Canyon, east of Superior near Queen Creek.

CONTACT: Tonto National Forest, Globe Ranger District, (928) 402-6200; www.mountainproject.com/v/arizona/queen_creek_canyon/lower_devils_canyon/105861158.

GUIDEBOOK: *Queen Creek Canyon* by Marty Karabin.

EWEPHORIA *Cochise Stronghold* Level: 5.7

DESCRIPTION: The granite domes of southeastern Arizona are world-famous in the climbing community. Ewephoria is a skilled-beginner-to-moderate route that takes trad (traditional) and sport climbers up the north side of scenic Sheepshead Dome. For a more challenging pathway to the pinnacle, try the newly rebolted Absinthe of Mallet (5.10) on the other side, which boasts a spectacular new finish.

LOCATION: Approximately 10 miles north of Tombstone in the Dragoon Mountains.

CONTACT: Coronado National Forest, Douglas Ranger District, (520) 364-3468; www.mountainproject.com/v/arizona/cochise_stronghold/sheepshead_area_southwest/105738062.

GUIDEBOOK: *Backcountry Rockclimbing in Southern Arizona* by Bob Kerry.

HIGHLIGHTS
Peter Noebels (opposite page) plots his next move on Earth Angel Spire, a 5.11-level traditional route in Oak Creek Canyon near Sedona. MARC MUENCH
Laurel Wright (inset) navigates the 5.9-level Ride the Wild in Queen Creek's Lower Looner Land, southeast of Phoenix. Comprised of welded tuff, the area's totem-like spires and buttes are rough and steep, but the rocks' plentiful pockets and edges make it a climber's paradise. ANDREW BURR

A PORTFOLIO BY GARY LADD

The secret to great landscape photography—it's right in front of you

FORCEFUL FOREGROUNDS

Edge of the Colorado River at the Mouth of Nankoweap Canyon, Grand Canyon National Park

"The nearby Nankoweap granaries and attendant glorious views from the granaries have been published hundreds of times. But near there I stumbled upon a few square feet of sand where water seeped toward the river. Using a mild telephoto lens, I moved in close to capture the drama of this dendritic drainage pattern." —Gary Ladd

To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.

Here's the question every photography-workshop student wants answered: What is the secret of great photography?

The secret is this: There is no secret. Successful landscape photography isn't built upon a single foundation rock. It is constructed with little bricks of experience and intuition, mortared with years of experience. Talent and desire quicken the process; shiny new cameras don't. Not much, anyway. Technical expertise helps, but so do patience, pluck and a pinch of craziness and luck. So does an eye for shadow line penumbras, cloud movements, subtle colors, changing winds, water reflections, light echoing from cliffs and a thousand other factors.

But what's the single most important factor?

Foregrounds, foregrounds, in-your-face foregrounds.

At least, that's the lesson of 25 years worth of photo workshops in the Grand Canyon, the Vermilion Cliffs and on Lake Powell.

Today's photographers can use auto-exposure and focusing, programmed bracketing and sophisticated optics, but no matter how clever the equipment, the person behind the camera must still select the composition. A computer can't do it, a button won't initiate it.

It's the foreground—incorporating objects rich in detail or pattern that are close enough to touch and smell that lends life to photographs.

Most people take notice of the distant mesas, mountains and canyons, but remain oblivious to the ground beneath their feet. These people are not effective photographers.

Foregrounds are useful for several reasons:

- Most other photographers are blind to them, leaving them refreshingly underutilized.
- Foregrounds often harbor compelling graphic lines that create patterns expressed as art. Lines are essential because they are the foundation of graphics, motion and rhythm that distinguish art from shopworn views burned into our consciousness by endless repetition.
- Foregrounds offer freedoms, opportunities and intimacies that distant views lack.

Imagine 10 photographers lined up on a ridge with a view of a cluster of majestic mesas, each photographer struggling to create a photograph better than the rest. But what can any of them do with mesas that are 2 miles away? Move right? Move left? Climb the ridge? Switch lenses? Will that create a stunning photograph? The answer? No. The mesas are too distant for the photographer to have an effect on the image by moving a few hundred feet.

Now imagine 10 more photographers lined up on the ridge, you among them. Just for a moment, rip your eyes off the handsome buttes and look at your feet. Look for a foreground with strong design elements that will complement the distant mesas.

Study the pattern of branches of the buckwheat plant. Notice the interlaced symmetry of the sandstone crossbedding. Consider the ripple marks in the sand. And what about that reflection in the pool cradled in a slickrock basin or the cactus flower nearly trampled underfoot?

Usually, the best landscape photographs depend on the near. The distant stuff is often hazy, colorless and kind of wimpy—not eminently fruitful material for art unless haze and predictability can act as foreground foils.

The sandstone and shale and sparse vegetation of the desert landscapes of Glen Canyon present a wealth of diagonals, parallels, curves and radials. Look at the desert-varnish motifs, the reflections, the slot-canyon sinuosities and the architecture of alcoves. Move the camera a few inches and you "rearrange" these elements. Composition is a matter of geometry. In photography, geometry is destiny.

But this shameless miracle works only at close range.

Good landscape photography does not provide an "accurate" portrayal of reality. Photography selectively stresses the desirable and conceals the unwanted or unneeded. Landscape photography at its best idealizes reality by directing our attention away from the ordinary and toward the quietly spectacular.

Think of foreground awareness as a kind of stealth. You need to MIC—Move In Close. This might mean moving physically closer, or it might involve a telephoto lens to emphasize a foreground pattern or a wide-angle lens to exaggerate perspective and pattern. When you're struggling with a landscape, get closer. Good, that's it; now even closer.

Finally, here's the most compelling argument for forceful foregrounds that I can imagine. Think of a real world in which you are completely forbidden to see anything close at hand—no butterflies, no snowflakes, no grasses or leaves, no stones, no children's faces. Such a world would be dreary indeed. So, too, your photographs if they reveal only the far removed.

The charm of foregrounds is really no secret. It never has been. Yet most photographers still overlook them. Why? Partly it's just the way we're wired. Beyond that, it's simple laziness. Foreground work is often uncomfortable, involving stooping, hunching, kneeling or even lying down in the mud and sand where scorpions roam.

But if you want to make art, you're going to have to be foreground-vigilant. Move in close, real close. Suffer. That's life.

Besides, we "mature" instructors get a kick out of watching you rookies squirm. AH

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Gary Ladd will lead two photography workshops in Arizona's northern plateau country this fall:* **Rafting the Grand Canyon** *(September 13 to 24) and* **Preposterous Landscapes** *(October 21 to 26). For additional information, visit www.friendsofazhighways.com.*

Photographer Gary Ladd lives in Page, the heart of the plateau country, where he loves to photograph the colorful buttes and mesas. There is no better location in Arizona to practice his forceful-foreground techniques.

Petrified Logs, Petrified Forest National Park

"By using a wide-angle lens, moving in close and including the skyline, I could reveal the details of a tree that lived 200 million years ago and show the log's context on the slope of a hill to create a simple, pleasing composition."

To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.

House Rock Rapid, Grand Canyon National Park

"Using a telephoto lens, House Rock Rapid was enhanced by including a foreground element that offered an 'anchor'—a ruddiness of color wildly different from that of the green Colorado River."

To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.

When you're struggling with a landscape, get closer.

Fallen Leaves, Glen Canyon National Recreation Area

"During a two-week period every fall, the floor of this alcove near Lake Powell is decorated with a confetti of willow leaves. With a wide-angle lens, I moved in close, left out the soaring red walls in the background and ignored the crown of the willow trees to concentrate on just the graphic tree-trunk lines and the carpet of ferns and fallen leaves."

To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.

Edge of the Colorado River at Fern Glen Canyon, Grand Canyon National Park

"While others unloaded the boats and set up their tents, I stood in the breaking waves to photograph the beach (left) and its repetitive patterns before it was trampled by my fellow river-runners."

To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.

Blue Pool, Glen Canyon National Recreation Area

"In an alcove full of photogenic wonders, I moved in close to 'dive into' a small pool (below) beneath a canopy of trees, using a moderate telephoto lens to bring it in even closer."

To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.

Nature's Calligraphy, Vermilion Cliffs National Monument

"The Coyote Buttes area is famous for its colorful sandstone knobs and canyons, but in this instance I focused on the inscriptions of grasses used by the wind as styli. The colorful sandstone forms a backdrop for the photograph rather than the main element."

To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.

In photography, geometry is destiny.

Crossbedded Sandstones, Vermilion Cliffs National Monument

"I found a great angle of view for the group of sandstone outcrops, but my distance from the domes required that I use a telephoto lens to fill the frame with the crossbedding patterns. A trace of the valley beyond the buttes offers a sense of scale and a neutral counterpoint to the drama of the sandstone."

To order a print of this photograph, see inside front cover.

Feminine FRONTIER

Ranch Wives Weathered Hardship To Tame The West

by Dave Eskes

When Rittie McNary stepped off the train at Prescott in the summer of 1899, she stepped into another world—that of a ranch wife. But it is doubtful she gave it much thought at the time. The 29-year-old "mail-order bride" from Pawhuska, Oklahoma, was about to meet her fiance.

In later years, she would recall James Cameron, a lean, mustachioed cowboy 12 years her senior, as "the handsomest man I ever saw." Rittie herself was a fetching mix of Osage Indian and Scottish heritage, with high cheekbones, long black hair and a slim waist. A relationship begun gingerly through correspondence had ripened into romance.

Over the next 40 years, Rittie and James needed all the togetherness they could muster as they eked out a living along the Hassayampa River while rearing three children under conditions that, today, would be considered primitive. Like their rancher neighbors, the Camerons took the conditions in stride. They were part of the deal.

In Rittie's day, ranch wives toiled from dawn to dark with few breaks and no conveniences. They crafted clothes, quilts and

diapers out of feed sacks and scrubbed them clean on washboards. They cooked rib-sticking meals from scratch on wood-burning stoves and mended by the light of kerosene lamps. They canned (or dried) vegetables from the garden and gave birth in tin-roofed shacks without electricity, indoor plumbing—or doctors.

Doctors were sparse and stretched as thin as circuit-riding preachers, leaving ranch families to rely heavily on midwives. In her memoirs, *Ranch Trail and Short Tales*, Claire Champie-Cordes recalled the time a midwife was late in getting to her family's ranch. "When the baby came, Father passed out by the bedside and Mother had to rise up, tie the cord and revive Father. All survived the ordeal, but Mother hoped it would not happen again."

Elladean Bittner, who hails from a pioneering ranch family in Peeples Valley, put it this way: "Arizona was hard on horses

Set a Spell

In the 1880s and '90s, George and Angie Brown lived on a ranch (left) along the Agua Fria River near Mayer. George served as a Republican legislative representative and as a deputy sheriff under Yavapai County Sheriff Bucky O'Neill. In between ranch duties, Angie acted as the enrolling-engraving clerk of the House for the 11th Territorial Legislature. Found in the Sharlot Hall Museum archives, the caption on this log cabin photograph (above right) reads: "A Western Bachelor's Home. Wife Wanted."

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF SHARLOT HALL MUSEUM

and women. The women stuck with it because they had no place else to go."

Bittner, a feisty octogenarian, is one of nearly 30 ranchers who contributed oral and written memories, as well as photographs and artifacts, to "Out on the Ranch," a permanent exhibition at Wickenburg's Desert Caballeros Western Museum illustrating ranch life from 1900 to 1910 through a replicated Arizona ranch house stocked with tools, furniture, appliances and clothing.

If Rittie visited the exhibition today, she would feel right at home under the "sleeping porch" or amid the dry sink, burlap-draped desert cooler and flat iron. She might even recognize a vintage butter mold donated by her great-granddaughter Lynn Layton and rancher husband, Scott.

Rittie and her ranching sisters had little time to ponder self-fulfillment. Rather, they were earthbound, strong-minded individuals who often wielded branding irons and deer rifles as efficiently as butter churns.

Take Nellie Moore, who, with husband Kearny, operated a ranch north of Aguila during the Great Depression. She and her husband had no electricity and drew water from a well. A superb cook who could crank out a steak-and-egg breakfast for a dozen hired hands, Nellie also could rope and shoot.

"Mother didn't like to ride horses," says Roy Moore. "She left that to Dad. But she could rope on the ground and handle a good-sized yearling." A resourceful backyard hunter, Nellie kept the desert cooler supplied with jackrabbit meat, which she converted into hamburger. Roy fondly remembers it as "dark and stringy but with a real good taste."

During the 1920s, famed explorers Martin and Osa Johnson hired Nellie to guide their hunting expedition for mule deer in the Harcuvar Mountains northwest of Aguila. She so impressed them with her marksmanship that they invited her to join their upcoming African safari as a "backup gun." Unfortunately, she had to skip the safari to care for her ailing parents.

At 5-feet-8 and a muscled 150 pounds, Nellie could shoulder a creosote-soaked railroad tie and pack her own deer out of the wilds. In fact, she packed them out until the age of 73. Assisted by her brother and sister, Nellie once dug a 200-foot-long gold-mine shaft, using a sledgehammer, drills and dynamite. "She sharpened her own drills, put on the primers and lit the fuses herself," Roy says. Today, the shaft is part of Robson's Mining World, a tourist attraction 5 miles north of Aguila.

Ranchers pursued many such sources of extra income. Wickenburg retiree Alicia Quesada recalls that her father, José, managed ranches in the 1930s, sold braided horsehair lariats, rented out a breeding bull and sometimes picked up prize money at local rodeos. Her mother, Francisca, sold eggs or ironed for a neighbor. "She would wrap the eggs in paper and put them in a bucket filled with river water to keep them fresh," Alicia says. Women also took on sewing jobs or sold vegetables and butter.

Lonely Days
Winter settles in on Orchard Ranch (right) in Lonesome Valley, home of Arizona Territorial historian Sharlot Hall. Hall grew up on the ranch and moved back as an adult after her mother died in 1912. Her diary mentions the isolation she felt there, especially during the winter months. In 1917, the Dearing Ranch (below), near Thumb Butte in Yavapai County, offered Prescott cowboy poet Gail Gardner inspiration for his famous poem, "Sierry Petes."

Sunday Best
Although most Arizona ranching families had little time for socializing, when they did, it was reason to dress up a bit. At the Stephens Ranch in Yavapai County, the young girls show off matching outfits, probably handmade by their mother.

While ranch wives faced daunting workloads, their typically large families provided a measure of relief. "We had to help my mom by gathering and chopping wood," says Alicia, one of five siblings. "We learned how to make tortillas every morning—a big stack—and we cleaned house. When we got a little older, we helped with the ironing and washing."

For Francisca, Monday washday featured tubs of boiling water, bars of harsh yellow soap, pounding, scrubbing, rinsing and wringing the clothes out by hand. It was an assembly line for late-in-life arthritis. "Mother would start the wash when we left for school," Alicia says, "and she would still be at it when we got home."

Where washing took up one day, wood-burning stoves dominated the entire week. They required constant attention, with ranch wives raking out ashes, adjusting dampers, relighting fires and "controlling" the temperature by stoking the blaze or letting it burn down. Old-timers estimate woodstoves consumed, on average, four working hours and 50 pounds of firewood each day. During summers, many wives moved them outside or substituted Dutch ovens and chuck wagons. Those who continued to cook inside rolled out of bed at 3 or 4 A.M. to beat the suffocating heat.

The bill of fare at the Quesada household routinely featured tortillas, pinto beans, potatoes, rice and greens. Although Francisca kept a garden, she occasionally picked wild greens, called *verdolagas*, and sautéed them with onions and salt pork. Like many Mexican-American ranch wives, she preferred drying, rather than canning, her vegetables. Every so often José "butchered a beef," kept a small portion and took the rest to the Brayton Commercial Co., a large general store in Wickenburg where a price would be fixed on the meat, and store credit extended.

When José butchered a beef, nothing was wasted. Francisca collected blood in buckets and fried it with onions. The head was skinned, barbecued and eaten, including the eyes. "We ate everything but a few of the entrails," Alicia says, "and the hide was made into a rug." Most of the family beef was cut into strips, hung on a clothesline and converted into jerky. Other perishables, such as eggs and butter, were placed in the ubiquitous desert cooler, an open-sided box draped with wet burlap that prevented spoilage for about three days.

Desert coolers were frequently homemade, along with furniture, toys, clothes, quilts and sometimes, even soap. Ranch families bought only what they could not make. Francisca, a skilled seamstress, converted cotton flour sacks into dresses, sheets and crocheted tea towels, as did her neighbors and thousands of other ranch women across the West. Flour manufacturers, catching the drift, began making sacks with colored patterns.

Because the cramped, cobbled-together ranch houses seldom allowed for closets, women stored clothes in trunks or hung them on pegs. Privacy was in short supply. "The boys slept doubled up in the kitchen and the girls in a separate room." Alicia recalls. "Our parents had their room."

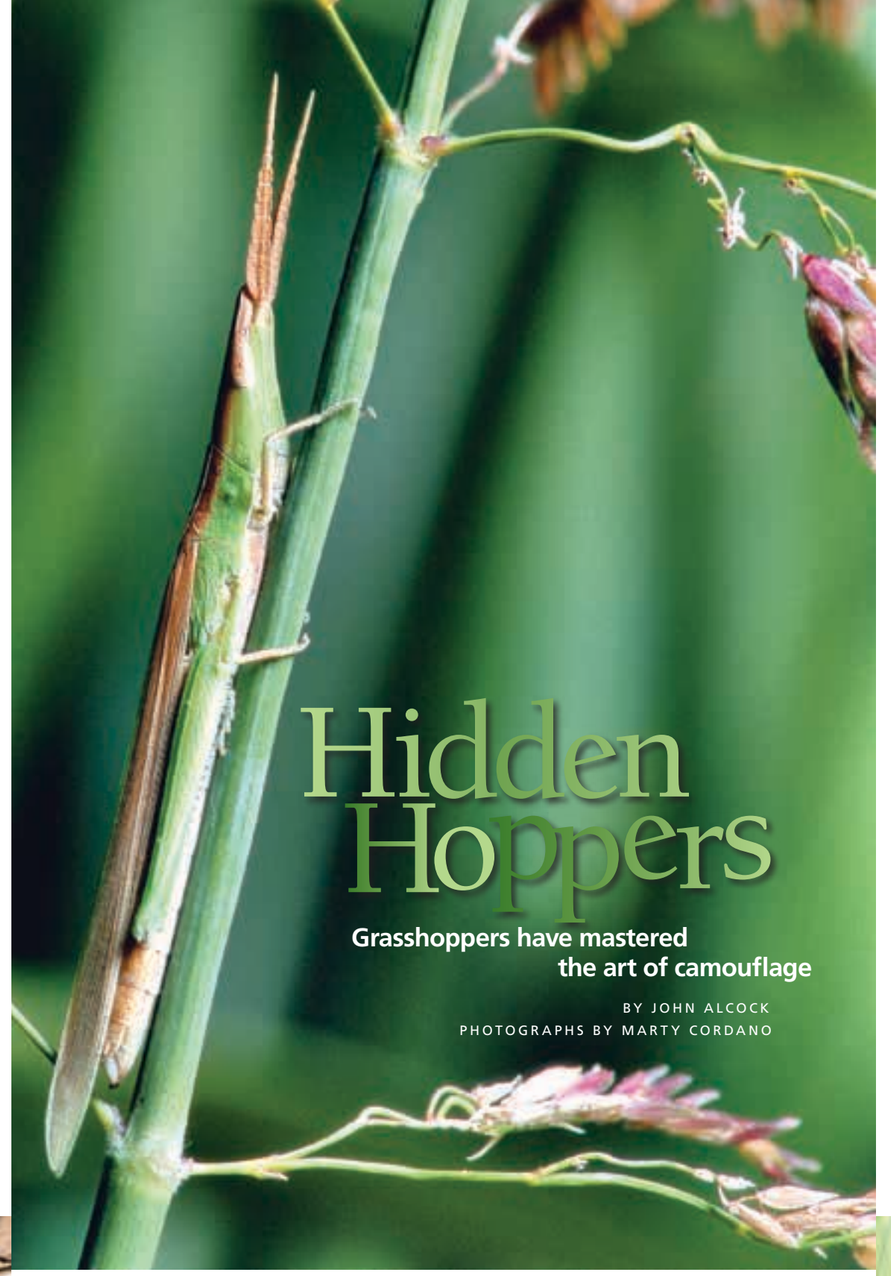
Despite adverse conditions, ranch wives managed to keep their houses relatively tidy and their families healthy. When illness struck, they often turned to home remedies such as boiled wild herbs, which Francisca used to treat centipede bites, or, perhaps, a drop of kerosene laced with sugar to suppress coughs. They used sewing needles for stitching up wounds and, in a pinch, rolled-up magazines for splints.

In the sunset of her life, Rittie moved to a small house in Wickenburg where she continued to cook on a woodburning stove, cultivate a garden and keep guinea hens until her death at 92. "She still was tall and slender," Lynn Layton recalls, "and she had gorgeous snow-white hair in a big roll on top of her head. She was never still. She was doing all the time."

One thing in particular sticks in Lynn's memory. "She had big, strong hands," Lynn says. "I guess she was one of the lucky ones. She didn't get arthritis." AH

when you go

Location: Desert Caballeros Western Museum, 21 N. Frontier St., Wickenburg; 48 miles northwest of Phoenix.
Getting There: From Phoenix, take Interstate 17 north to the Carefree Highway (State Route 74) exit, and drive west to U.S. Route 60. Take U.S. 60 north to Wickenburg.
Hours: Monday through Saturday, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sunday, noon to 4 P.M. (except June through August).
Fees: $7.50, adults; $6, seniors; $1, children, 6 to 16; free under 6.
Additional Information: (928) 684-2272; www.westernmuseum.org.



Hidden Hoppers

Grasshoppers have mastered the art of camouflage

BY JOHN ALCOCK
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTY CORDANO

HIDDEN WILDLIFE abounds in Arizona, animals so beautifully concealed that most of us never notice them. I am not talking about an elk standing motionless in a dense stand of ponderosa pine trees or a coyote crouched behind an ironwood tree. The creatures I have in mind are grasshoppers, masters of disguise. A challenge to see, grasshoppers can entertain and amaze a walker almost anywhere in Arizona.

If we take a grasshopper hike through the foothills of the Huachuca Mountains in southern Arizona, we might pause for a moment, and sit on some rocks to catch our breath and admire the landscape. While extracting sandwiches from our daypacks, we detect a hint of movement in a clump of grasses next to a nearby rock. The little movement that catches our eye leads us to a wonderful insect, one of the toothpick grasshoppers, long and ridiculously thin, a nearly perfect imitation of a grass stem.

The hopper freezes, following the long-established strategy of its species, which is to rely on camouflage rather than flee a potential predator, such as the Mexican jay we saw earlier. And what camouflage it is, for the insect aligns its body parallel to its perch so as to merge seamlessly with its surroundings. Moreover, the grasshopper's antennae are flattened and grasslike, much wider, shorter and more compressed than the antennae of its cousins. We forget about lunch (for a minute or two) while *oohing* and *aahing* over this stunning insect.

After admiring our grasshopper companion (and enjoying our lunch), we resume walking while keeping our eyes peeled for more beautifully camouflaged hoppers, knowing that Arizona boasts one of the most diverse grasshopper faunas in North America. Unfortunately, unlike the mammals, birds and even butterflies of the West, grasshoppers have not inspired field guides lavishly endowed with color illustrations. It will probably be awhile before watching grasshoppers is as popular as bird-watching.

But we don't mind being pioneers. The key lies in walking along with our eyes on the ground, waiting for something to move. Most grasshoppers trust their expertly camouflaged color pattern rather than leaping wildly all over the place.

Here's another one. It jumps only a foot or so, waiting until the last possible minute to avoid being flattened by my hiking boot. We keep our eyes fixed on the spot where the insect lands, but even so, it is hard to believe that we are looking at a grasshopper, not a fallen oak leaf. Just like the grass mimic, this leaf-imitating grasshopper pulls off its deception by using a combination of tricks. Its rich tan color exactly matches an old oak leaf and its thin, laterally compressed body and ridged thorax has "oak leaf" written all over it. Moreover, the insect lies on its side in the leaf litter to foster the illusion of a fallen leaf, enhanced by antennae shaped like an oak leaf petiole.

I have stumbled across many such marvelous grasshoppers, this one resembling a stem, that one a fallen leaf, these, mere stones. The Huachucas harbor a lovely, deep-orange-red-and-black species with a real fondness for orange-red, black-dotted rocks. A solid-gray grasshopper hangs out on the somber, gray limestone outcrops of the Chiricahua Mountains. A grasshopper found in the desert areas around Phoenix sports a pointillist coat to match the highly weathered granite boulders on which it rests.

And let's not forget the pebble mimics. One of my favorites sits quietly in the fine gravel of desert washes in central Arizona, with blotches and patches that break up the outline of its body and subdivide it into a collection of pebble-sized segments. The different "pebbles" are white or pale gray or pale pink, and create the illusion of being part of the desert floor. Take your eyes off the hopper for even a moment, and it will magically disappear into its surroundings.

Why do so many grasshoppers try to blend into the woodwork, leafwork or stonework? The answer comes in the form of jays, loggerhead shrikes and a host of other birds that like nothing better than a beakful of grasshopper.

For millennia, insect-eating birds have been scanning their environment with keen eyes. In this bird-eat-bug world, any edible grasshopper whose color pattern happens to make it harder to find has a better chance of living long enough to mate and leave descendants that will inherit its life-preserving camouflage.

The spread of camouflaged grasshoppers in the past created pressures on the grasshopper hunters, favoring any jay or shrike or sparrow that inherited vision superior to its compatriots, the better to pinpoint hard-to-find prey. As these eagle-eyed predators became more common, their presence gave an edge to any grasshopper that happened to look even slightly more convincingly like a few pebbles or a green grass stem. The never-ending arms race between the eaters and the eaten has resulted in today's visually gifted birds and their all-but-invisible prey.

If this explanation is on target, then the noxious, bad-tasting grasshoppers should lack the camouflage of their delectable cousins because they have nothing to gain by hiding from birds that quickly learn to avoid these nasty-tasting species.

We can test this proposition by taking another grasshopper walk in the scrubby mesquite range in the San Simon Valley of southeastern Arizona after summer monsoon thunderstorms have generated fresh grasshopper food. The hoppers are everywhere, some superbly camouflaged, some not.

Among those that stand out is the huge horse lubber grasshopper, a study in jet black, fluorescent green and cadmium yellow. It makes no effort to evade me, but when I touch the creature it raises its green wings to flash previously hidden, bright-red hind wings while also hissing at me and spraying a stinking chemical mist from openings in its thorax. I withdraw my hand.

I'm not the only one to give the horse lubber a wide berth. Entomologist Douglas Whitman has offered some horse lubbers to hungry captive birds, most of which said in effect, thanks but no thanks. Those willing to down a couple of immature lubbers vomited and thereafter wisely refused to touch the things.

The horse lubber is representative of most billboard grasshoppers in combining a memorable color pattern, a lack of evasive behavior and an evil taste. The robustness of this relationship shows that when an insect is chemically protected, it can afford to be conspicuous, and even advertise its unpalatability. But edible grasshoppers must rely on wonderfully detailed camouflage to keep out of view of hungry enemies.

The amazing grass-, rock-, leaf- and pebble-mimicking grasshoppers are the legacy of this process. If you can find them, congratulate yourself for having detected some of the most beautifully concealed creatures of the desert. AH

Going Undercover

A toothpick grasshopper (right) mimics a slender green stem blending into the foliage to hide from predators such as wasps, ants, snakes and birds. The pallid-winged grasshopper (below) lives mainly in desert and semidesert areas from southwestern Canada to Argentina, making it one of the most widely dispersed grasshoppers in the world.

Hop to It

Perched on a lichen-covered rock, a colorful toad lubber grasshopper (above) appears to be part of the landscape. The bright colors of the horse lubber grasshopper (below, left) alerts potential predators of their poison. While predators may not enjoy their toxic taste, horse lubber grasshoppers frequently eat their own dead.

John Alcock of Tempe is Regents' Professor of Biology at Arizona State University. He has written about the biology of desert animals, large and small, in a number of books including Sonoran Desert Summer *and* In a Desert Garden, *both published by the University of Arizona Press.*

Formerly a wildlife biologist for the Bureau of Land Management, photographer Marty Cordano recently relocated to Alaska where his work focuses on nature and environmental issues. He likes grasshoppers so much that he doesn't mind if people refer to him as a grasshopper "lubber."

The KING and I

by Roger Naylor ♛ illustration by Brian Stauffer

He smirks at me but I don't mind.

It's just something he does with his mouth. He actually oozes quiet encouragement, perched in the corner of my home office, all sideburns, twitchy lip and eyes locked in a permanent state of droopy-cool. A reminder not to take anything too seriously.

The collar of his rhinestone-studded jumpsuit is turned up high and open at the throat. A blue scarf dangles seductively. His hair is impossibly black, swept back and big, marred only by the bulb and shade protruding from the top of his head, throwing off a *hunka-hunka* burning light.

If you know me, you know my Elvis lamp. We've been together for more than two decades, a holdover from my bachelor days, the lone piece of furniture I contributed to the marriage.

What? You thought maybe I bought the lamp while married? That my wife signed off on the purchase of a giant Elvis lamp? That we prowled galleries from Sedona to Scottsdale with a fabric swatch to make sure the specific King of Rock 'n' Roll illumination device we picked matched the window treatments? Is that what you thought? *Ba-ha-ha!* Good one.

No, "E" and I are a team from way back. He's my talisman, my confidant, and I'm not ashamed to admit it, my friend.

But friend or not, there's no denying that the King is three and a half feet of raw, glaring kitsch. An eyesore. Jarring and jangly, coming at you out of nowhere, like a forearm shiver from a drunk in the parking lot of the discount smokes-and-bait shop.

The hulking ceramic beast insults anyone with even a modicum of taste. So over-the-top tacky he would hurl Martha Stewart into a grand mal seizure. Artists and designers can gaze upon him only through a pinhole in cardboard. If feng shui were a superhero, Lamp Man would be his archenemy, stomping down chi at every opportunity.

When we have female visitors, I hear my wife warning them in a hurried hiss as they come down the hall. I know they steel themselves before walking in, yet still they flinch at first sight of him. There's just no way to prepare oneself for how the King dominates the room, overpowers the Southwestern decor. Afterwards, I hear them consoling my wife.

Which helps explain the tense ritual occurring several times a year, the one where my wife tries to convince me to donate Elvis to her yard sales. We live in Cottonwood, the yard-sale capital of the free world.

Cottonwood sprang from the entrepreneurial spirit of early settlers. Nearby Jerome boomed with mining activity, and neighboring burgs Clarkdale and Clemenceau were company towns where mine owners stringently enforced the rules. Folks wanting to start a business, own some property or who just chafed under the weight of regulations settled in Cottonwood, named after the graceful trees lining the banks of the Verde River.

Although I suppose we're not markedly different from other small towns across Arizona. Lack of basements puts Arizonans in a constant storage squeeze, forcing us to unload carefully hoarded piles of junk. I mean, merchandise. Fortunately, an idyllic climate makes this an ongoing activity. Our population of energetic seniors puts a recreational spin on yard-sale browsing, but everyone wants to be part of the process. It's a great way to meet our neighbors and paw through their things.

In fact, when entries were solicited for what image should adorn Arizona's state quarter, I submitted a photo of a cardboard box with a brightly colored piece of paper taped to it, proclaiming "Big Sale" and an arrow pointing the way. I'm still waiting to hear back from the commission.

Those empty boxes, secured by rocks, adorn virtually every street corner in Cottonwood, each Thursday through Saturday of the year. Shorter than a saguaro cactus, but no less majestic, they stand, or actually, squat as a defining symbol of the landscape and lifestyle of rural Arizona. Where the men are men, and women want to haggle over the price of a shoetree.

My wife recognizes the bargain-hunter mentality. She knows how to hook them, knows that certain buzzwords and phrases mobilize their ranks, phrases like "Elvis memorabilia." (She's also after my Elvis toenail clippers and Taking Care of Business melon-baller.) Like a Colonel Parker with estrogen, she wants to cash in on the King. If she happens to do so by disposing of the ceramic monstrosity currently haunting her house, that would simply be a happy coincidence.

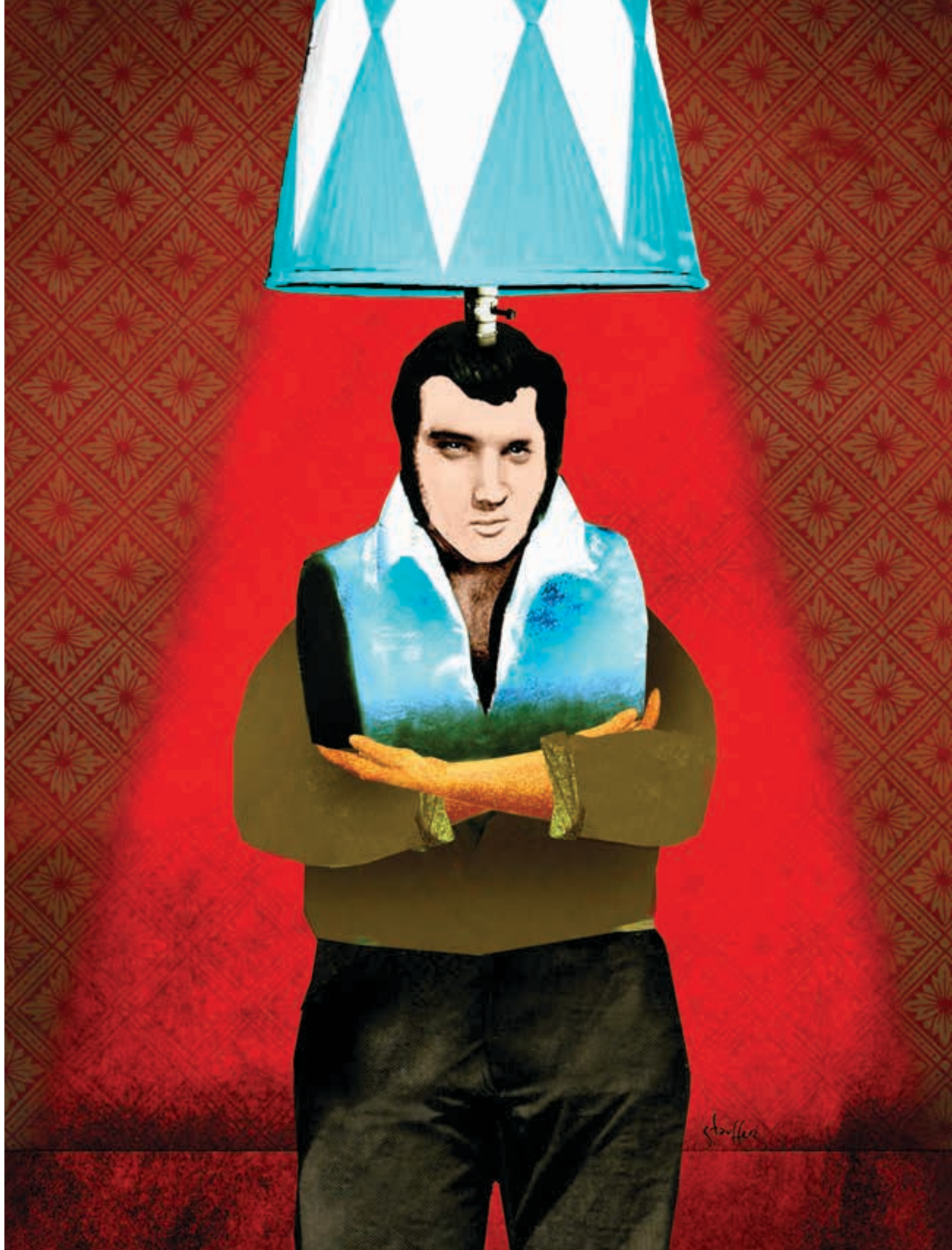
But I draw the line. The King stays. For the sake of my inner bachelor. And as a memorial to every guy who's ever decorated with neon beer signs or cinder-block shelves or cattle skulls or seats swiped from stadiums or blacklight posters or inflatable furniture or a driftwood dining set or a car battery ottoman.

The King stays.

By the way, those blacklight posters are now worth a fortune on eBay. AH

Roger Naylor lives in Cottonwood, and whenever he accuses his wife of not appreciating classic kitsch, she simply reminds him whom she chose to marry.

Brian Stauffer, a former Prescott resident who now lives in Miami, Florida, is familiar with Cottonwood's garage-sale treasures.



The Dog's a Dead Duck

by Robert J. Early illustration by Joseph Daniel Fiedler

A WILD DUCK HAS MADE REPEATED ATTEMPTS to drown my dog in the backyard swimming pool—not on purpose, of course, but real nevertheless.

I live in Phoenix, on the Sonoran Desert. Who could have anticipated that I would some day have to match wits with a duck over the life of a hybrid canine, sometimes referred to as a mongrel?

For nearly two years now, it has been me against the duck, and so far I've been winning (the dog is still alive), but the contest is far from concluded. I could blow my lead at any time.

The duck has two advantages: The duck can fly, and I don't want to hurt him.

I just want him to go swim in somebody else's pool, or maybe even a lake. Plenty of those are nearby in parks and on golf courses. And almost every resort or upscale housing development has a large water feature, a kind of thumb-your-nose at the environment that apparently even ducks find offensive.

Here in a nutshell is the situation with my dog and the unwanted waterfowl:

The canine, a 25-pound husky-corgi mix named Bone (so when I say, "Heel, Bone," he knows where to go), has short legs and a long body. He absolutely abhors people luxuriating in the pool.

Rarely do I swim, but several years ago I made an exception. To understand this story fully, you need to know that my favorite activity in the water, and one, actually, I'm quite adept at, is floating on my back, relaxing to the point of sleep.

Well, on this particular afternoon, the dog came into the yard, spotted me floating like a dead whale and panicked. I don't know what he thought I was doing, but he began to bark and bark and run around the pool faster and faster with each lap, stopping only to bark and bark again.

And then it happened.

The little pooch got too close to the edge, slipped and fell in. The closest Bone had ever gotten to water prior to this was in the bathtub, and he hated that like some Presidents hate broccoli.

Immediately, he began to dog-paddle. He had perfect form. But his legs were not long enough or strong enough to carry his weight—and so he began to sink.

Luckily, I had not yet fallen asleep, saw his plight and retrieved him before he got more than a foot or so below the surface. Normally, I can't tell what dogs think, but at that particular moment, I could tell exactly what flashed through Bone's brain: *What the doggie doo happened here? I thought all four-legged animals could swim.*

From that day to this, Bone has stayed away from the pool; that is, if no one is in it. But he still goes a little nuts when the pool is occupied. He runs around the perimeter as fast as he can, working up a tantrum and pausing only momentarily to bark a few times. He gets so worked up I fear he may fall into the pool again.

And that gets us back to the duck.

You can see the problem. Suppose we awake one morning and let the dog out. He spots the duck bobbing in the pool, goes berserk, begins racing around barking and finally, in a last desperate attempt to rid the homeland of this interloper, flings himself at the feathered floater in the pool.

In that event Bone would be, so to speak, a dead duck.

Day after day, I've chased that speckled brown quacking invader from our pool. Splashing a little water after him does the trick. Sometimes he stays away for a few weeks and then, as soon as I let down my guard, up he pops.

My wife heard that ducks fear swans, so we bought a plastic swan (it was really meant to be a flower pot) and put it in the pool. It seemed to work. The duck hadn't appeared for some time, though every time it rained, the pot filled up and the swan sank.

Months went by and it became clear that I had won the battle with the duck. He was nowhere to be seen.

Yesterday he came back. This time he had a lady friend with him. What's next? The kids, then the relatives?

Suddenly the odds have shifted. Now, it seems, I'm faced with the quack-quack version of Hitchcock's *The Birds*. If those ducks start landing on the roof, I'm moving.

Bone can fend for himself. AH

Robert J. Early was editor of Arizona Highways *from 1990 until 2005; he teaches writing courses at Arizona State University West and at Phoenix College.*

by Leo W. Banks photographs by Randy Prentice

The Empire Falls Down

An amble along the San Pedro River reveals the melting remains of Spanish conquest

THE HIKE TO Presidio Santa Cruz de Terrenate offers an easy, mostly shadeless walk through desert creosote and short brush, with accompaniment from constantly moving lizards below and a generous sky above to break the sameness of southern Arizona's terrain.

In terms of physical remnants, the presidio, established in 1775, offers only a stone foundation and a few adobe walls, likely part of the commandant's quarters, barracks, a chapel and some defensive walls. They stand on a rise above the San Pedro River, with interpretive signs to explain why the Spanish came here and the difficulties they faced.

This place served as the northernmost outpost of King Carlos III, who wished to extend Spain's control north into what is now Arizona. His agent here was an Irish expatriate named Hugo O'Conor, and others followed, but none could control this particularly wild part of New Spain.

In spite of meager remains, this is still an evocative patch of ground, especially to those who easily feel the grip of history. It brings thoughts of enterprise, survival, bravery and boldness, and it reminds us of the presumptuousness of explorers and the inevitability of exploration.

Best of all, the presidio is sufficiently removed from the noise of modern life to give visitors a hint of the awesome isolation its founders must have felt.

As I stand on the rise above the river, I see little evidence of loud Tombstone to the east, or booming Sierra Vista to the west. The afternoon quiet allows the presidio to give its own silent testimony to the desperate struggle that took place here, for water, wood, food and survival itself.

Spain abandoned the never-completed outpost after five years. Its last commander, Teodoro de Croix, wrote that Indians had terrorized the presidio, killing two captains and more than 80 men "in the open rolling ground a short distance from the post."

Their "incessant" attacks prevented the cultivation of crops, obstructed mule trains carrying supplies, depleted horse herds and "put the troops in the situation of not being able to attend their own defense, making them useless for the defense of the province."

You might say the Apaches revoked Spain's guest privileges. Lesson: Humans will always need to know what's out there, and those who encounter explorers will always want to keep what's theirs.

From the trailhead parking lot off In Balance Ranch Road, the hike to Terrenate measures 1.5 miles, partly along an old railroad bed. Consider it a link between different eras.

The Presidio is part of the Bureau of Land Management's San Pedro Riparian National Conservation Area, which includes the ruins of the Grand Central Mill and the railroad town of Fairbank, both born amid the Old West silver boom.

Energetic hikers can see all these sights, part of the San Pedro Trail, in one day. A dirt path runs north from Fairbank—consisting of a couple of buildings, including an early 20th-century schoolhouse under renovation as a future interpretive site—past the town cemetery to the ruins of the Grand Central Mill, a one-way total of 1.5 miles.

The cemetery sits on a hill and consists of a single readable headstone—"Matt Nelson, February 25, 1899." The remainder of those buried here merit only sad rock piles and splintered wooden crosses.

But farther down the trail, the old mill overtakes an entire hillside with neatly placed stones that rise from the trailside in four steps, like a cliff dwelling. The stamp mill probably had 10 to 15 stamps going at once, pounding silver from rock hauled from the nearby mines.

As the interpretive sign says, the stamps fell about 100 times per minute, seven days a week, creating a deafening noise that could be heard for miles.

Imagine that interminable racket banging out over the now-silent valley, a clarion call of enterprise and settlement, which, only 100 years before, the beleaguered residents of Terrenate, just across the river to the northwest, would have considered a symphony.

online Before you go on this hike, visit arizonahighways.com for other things to do and places to see in this area. You'll also find more hikes in our archive.

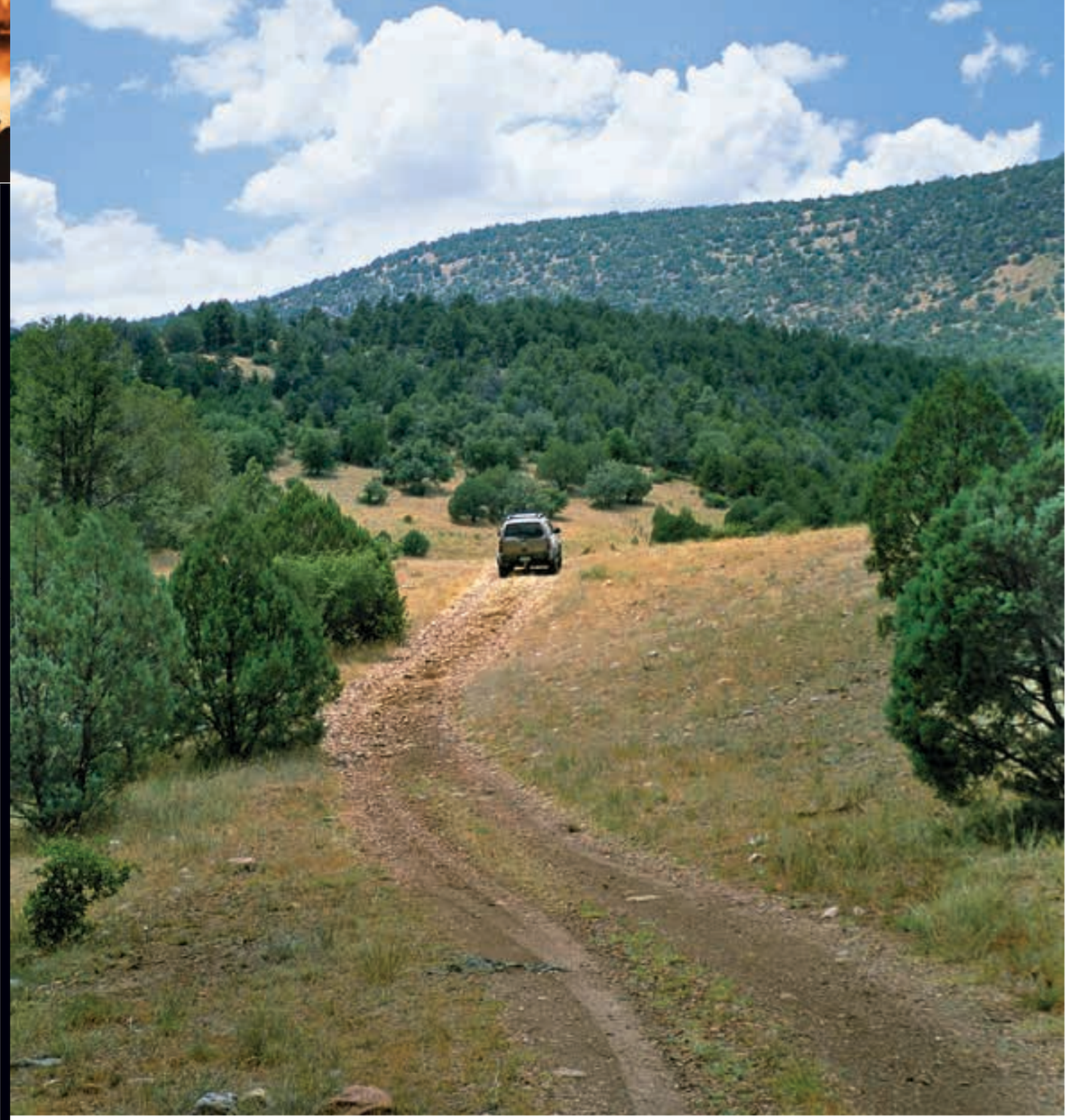
BY THE OLD MILL The Grand Central Mill's massive stone wall (right) stands as a reminder of the 1880s silver boom in nearby Tombstone. Silver-bearing ore brought to the mill by mule trains was crushed into fine powder and processed to make silver.

TRAILING ALONG Spindly shadows line the San Pedro Trail (left) in the San Pedro Riparian National Conservation Area where more than 350 species of birds migrate.

GRAVE SITUATION A weathered wooden cross marks a grave in the cemetery just north of Fairbank, a ghost town along the San Pedro River. Established in 1881, Fairbank became an important railroad depot and the closest stop to Tombstone, then one of the largest cities in the West.

trail guide

Length: 1.5 miles from trailhead to Presidio Santa Cruz de Terrenate.
1.5 miles from Fairbank to Grand Central Mill.
Elevation Gain: Minimal.
Difficulty: Easy.
Payoff: Isolated, but close to towns; evocative historical ruins.
Location: 70 miles southeast of Tucson.
Getting There: From Tucson, drive east on Interstate 10 about 43 miles to Exit 302. Take State Route 90 south toward Sierra Vista for about 19 miles. Just south of the little community of Whetstone, turn left (east) onto State Route 82, drive about 10 miles to In Balance Ranch Road and turn left (north). Follow this good dirt road 2 miles to the Terrenate trailhead parking lot. The turnoff to the town of Fairbank is also located off State 82, 2 miles east of In Balance Ranch Road.
Travel Advisory: Always carry plenty of water, at least 1 gallon per day per person.
Additional Information: Bureau of Land Management, Sierra Vista, (520) 439-6400; www.blm.gov/az/nca/spnca/spnca-info.htm.



by Christine Maxa photographs by David Allen James

Unlocking Hellsgate

Rim-country road into wilderness makes a heck of a ride

EVERYONE I TALKED TO who had traveled the southern approach to Hells Gate, at the confluence of Haigler and Tonto creeks in the depths of Hellsgate Wilderness, described the journey with a blend of excitement and reverence reserved for places with a spirit bigger than theirs. When I noticed the word "wild" kept popping up in each description, I knew it was time to experience this country for myself. Seeking the perfect intersection of wild country and the Wild West, I set out on the adventurous road to the Hells Gate trailhead.

ROCKY ROAD **The rough road leading to Hellsgate Wilderness (above) offers stunning vistas as it meanders through the high-desert rangeland that sparked a violent feud known as the Pleasant Valley War.**

LAYERED LOOK **Views of McDonald, Neal and Gisela mountains (above) offer a softer look at some of Arizona's wildest country.**

Traveling in lonely, open range through a classic high-desert landscape, this route (5 miles on Forest Service Road 129 and 8 miles on Forest Service Road 133) proved as untamed as the countryside, which was a fitting foreshadowing of the rough 3-mile hike into the canyon.

Anyone who has traveled to Hellsgate Wilderness north of Phoenix knows the place is more beautiful than hellish. It's just the getting there that feels more like a passage through the underworld than a stroll through the door of paradise. The road is filled with large rocks and makes for a rough ride, so a high-clearance, four-wheel-drive vehicle is necessary for this trip. It's also a good idea to take along at least two or three spare tires.

The start of the road in Pleasant Valley in the town of Young feels as ethereal as the valley's name suggests. The verdant valley, one of the last vestiges of the real West left in the state, spreads as cool and calm as the color of its green grasses while mountain ridges form a dramatic backdrop.

The valley's present peacefulness belies its claim to fame—the vicious Pleasant Valley War, a feud between the Tewksbury and Graham families that lasted from 1882 until 1892. Some historians say the battles boiled down to cattlemen versus sheepherders; others say it was a drawn-out feud between rival cattlemen colored by horse thievery and relentless revenge.

The feud affected the whole community and spread out to anyplace the two factions met, including Holbrook and Tempe. Many of the casualties rest in Young's cemetery.

The back-road adventure to the Hellsgate Wilderness starts in Young where Forest Service Road 512 becomes State Route 288 and where the road bends between mileposts 307 and 308. Instead of continuing on the bend, veer right, turning west onto FR 129. This road, paved for a short distance, heads out of town and into the rough-and-tumble backcountry where boulder-filled streambeds carve through hardscrabble hills with barely enough dirt to cover bedrock. As if to soften the scruffy scene, prickle poppies, with their floppy white petals, congregate along the roadsides, and red-bloomed penstemons brighten shadowed cliffsides.

The route parts company with civilization at a fork near Walnut Creek, around mile 4. Veer right to stay on 129 as it pulls away from Young's outlying homes and enters the rangeland that men so bitterly fought over. At about mile 5, veer left onto FR 133.

From here, the going gets

THE OLD GRAY BARN **In the town of Young, an old barn (below) harkens back to the region's range-war days, marking a long history of Arizona livestock ranching.**

very rough. A ubiquitous layer of cobbles clatter and pop under tires as the road plods up and down steep hills rutted by the weather this mountainous terrain conjures up in the summer and winter. At times, the road squirms with hairpin turns and precipitous drop-offs; the road rarely allows vehicles to leave lower gears. Just keep moseying along like a cowboy on horseback would as he surveys the land.

Striking panoramas appear when the road starts a four-wheel-drive zigzag down into Board Cabin Draw. After a wet winter or summer monsoons, the hillsides turn emerald and look as rich as the gemstone. These grasslands drew the Haught family (of the Mogollon Rim's Fred and Babe Haught fame) to the area in the 1880s. Cattleman Joe Haught, Fred Haught's grandnephew, ranches the land on which this route travels. His winter camp, a compound straight out of a Western novel, lies in Board Cabin Draw, at about mile 10.

COWBOY CULTURE Ranch hand Alfred Stratton (below) carries on the cowboy tradition that has thrived for more than 100 years.

Chances are Haught is the only person one sees on this route, checking on his cattle or fixing a fence. Chances of seeing no one, however, are better.

Climbing out of Board Cabin Draw requires four-wheel drive to safely finesse up the slope. Once it tops out, the road settles, offering views of the countryside, which gets prettier as the route travels along.

The Hellsgate Wilderness rubs shoulders with the road at about mile 13 on a saddle. Here's where the south segment of the Hells Gate Trail starts, at the Smokey Hollow Trailhead. Haught said it was the quickest route between Payson and Young.

DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH The Tonto National Forest spreads out from a vantage point on Diamond Butte (right), south of Arizona's Mogollon Rim.

"A doctor from Payson traveled on a white horse through Hells Gate to operate on my aunt," Haught recalled. "We cleared off the kitchen table, laid out a sheet and he went to work on her leg, which had tuberculosis in the bone. My aunt ended up living to an old age."

Back-road travelers can explore the route the good doctor took through the Hellsgate Wilderness, or continue on 133. The road ends in a couple of miles at the wilderness border. No mechanized vehicles are allowed in designated wilderness areas.

I camped at the Smokey Hollow Trailhead. While I set up camp at twilight, a fireball of a meteor zoomed across the pale sky, ducking behind clouds a couple of times as it traveled across the southern horizon. Of course, I made a wish; and it came true. If I could have a chance to wish upon another falling star like that one, I'd make sure Hellsgate country would always remain the same—one wild place.

PRICKLY PERSPECTIVE A prickly pear cactus (right) withstands the tide of time, weather and the tumult of Pleasant Valley's violent past.

travel tips

Vehicle Requirement: A high-clearance, four-wheel-drive vehicle is necessary for this trip.
Warning: This route travels some remote and isolated country on rocky, boulder-strewn roads. Because the roads are very rough, it's recommended to carry two or three spare tires. Back-road travel can be hazardous. Be aware of weather and road conditions. Carry plenty of water, and take provisions in case of a breakdown. Don't travel alone, and let someone know where you're going and when you plan to return.
Additional Information: Pleasant Valley Ranger Station, (928) 462-4300; www.fs.fed.us/r3/tonto/home.shtml.

route finder

Note: Mileages are approximate.

- **Begin in Phoenix** taking Shea Boulevard east to its intersection with State Route 87.
- **Turn left (north)** onto State 87 and drive to Payson and State Route 260.
- **Turn right (east)** onto State 260 and drive 32 miles to Forest Service Road 512, also called the Young-Heber Highway.
- **Turn right (south)** onto FR 512. Follow 512 for 24 miles to Young, where the road bends to the left between mileposts 307 and 308.
- **Instead of continuing left** on the bend, veer right (west) onto Forest Service Road 129. The Young Public School sits on the left-hand side of the road. Continue on FR 129 for 5 miles, staying to the right at all forks.
- **Turn left at the next fork** onto Forest Service Road 133. Continue along FR 133, where you will need a high-clearance, four-wheel-drive vehicle. Drive 4 miles to a winter cowboy camp and start the climb to Board Cabin Draw. (To hike the Hells Gate Trail at Smokey Hollow Trailhead, watch for the trailhead sign at about mile 13.) Drive approximately another 4 miles on 133 to the road's end and the Hellsgate Wilderness sign.